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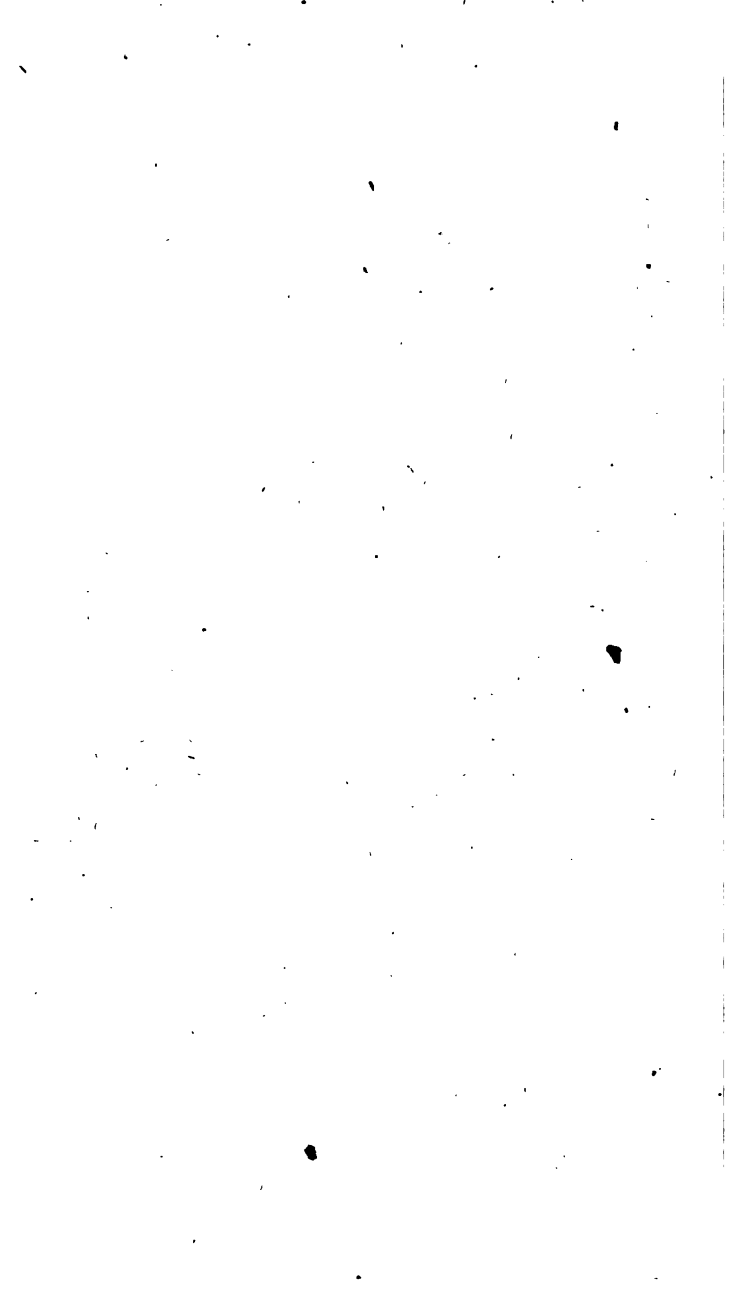
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I'LL CONSIDER OF IT!

A TALE,

IN THREE VOLUMES,

IN WHICH

"THINKS I TO MYSELF"

IS PARTIALLY CONSIDERED.

"Consider it not too deeply."

SHAKESPEARE.

VOL. I.

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I'LL CONSIDER OF IT!

CHAP. I.

Requisite Introduction.

I'LL *consider of it!!!*—How often, from the lips of a fashionable *belle*, the great man high in office, and the great man's deputy, has this vague expression, this sentence which nourishes the suppliant's hope, but which frequently has no meaning at all in the mind or inten-

tions of the speaker ; how often has it been made use of merely to get rid of the humble entreater, who departs in some degree satisfied with the delusive idea, that when his claims shall meet with due *consideration*, they will not fail to be accorded after the most sanguine wishes of his heart.

Now, how often have I said, "*I'll consider of it*," when my partial friends advised me to turn author ; and I spoke with true meaning and sincerity ; for I did *consider* the arduous task of pleasing the public taste ; and, after a great deal of *consideration*, to little purpose, in one rash moment I threw my heterogeneous thoughts before the altar of criticism, to be hewed and hacked by all the subordinate priests and priestesses of that terrific power, yet fondly hoping my wild effusions would at length be prevented from their attacks, by those kind and
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cheering deities—CANDOUR and LIBER-
RALITY.

If my scribbling chanced to please the bulk of my readers, after *they* had well *considered* them—I was now going to pen an egregious falsehood, for I was about to say, that I thought myself *sufficiently* rewarded—No, no, I *considered*, with much more satisfaction, the little bits of paper currency of this *opulent* country, which I received from the liberality of my publisher; but he, too, good man, had told me he *would consider of it* when I first made my proposals to him about the price of my MSS. and many a weary anxious moment does the poor author endure, till he or she may know the result of this *consideration*; beholding continually, with the eye of visionary hope, the aforesaid little bits of paper currency, embellished with the agreeable passport of Mr. Henry Hase!

Unlike the author of "*Thinks I to
Myself,*"

Myself," who, by the bye, gives little more than his own thoughts and opinions on the different events of life, I mean, in the following pages, to give some slight sketches of modern life, manners and customs, and a few conspicuous characters, who are very apt to *consider* when it is too late, and also of the suffering victims of this procrastinating *consideration*.

Indeed, I myself *considered* well of this work before I commenced it; but need I? for this is not the work of a virgin author; then, why need I, when I reflect on the indulgence I have heretofore met with, not only from the kind opinion of a good-natured public, but even from those critics, whose nod is formidable, and whose frown is (often) fate to the poor trembling author? Yet, do we not always find, that when wisdom is united to power, it generously scorns to oppress the weak? My feeble efforts are, therefore, again trusted to their lenity,
in

in the full assurance that real erudition is always aided by gentleness and forbearing candour; and that, while with one hand true discrimination may slightly wound, on the too visible appearance of palpable error, yet that it presents, with the other, on the least discovery of merit, the soothing balsam of approbation and praise.

CHAP. II.

*A Captain of Invalids and his
Daughter.*

IT is now an indispensable duty imposed upon me, according to received and general rules, that I put my history, if the reader insists on an history, into some kind of form ; and, though I mean not to usher into the world any set of *immaculate* beings, amongst my heroes, and heroines, encountering dangers in every deadly and horrific shape, and who are never known to *consider* at all, before they rush, unassisted, and alone, into

these perils and "hair-breadth escapes;" but I forget myself; I have not well *considered*, that the heroes of romance are demi-gods; and as the heroines are endowed with beauty far superior to any of the goddesses recorded by Homer, who certainly were none of them fit to hold a candle to the *brain-created* heroines of modern romance; therefore, we cannot be surprised to find their minds as much raised above those of their fellow-mortals as their resplendant beauty is so far above any thing even *celestial*.

I will then begin my history with an old worn-out captain in the army, (a great victim to the sentence of "*I'll consider of it,*") once a very credulous honest being, of the name of Littlefame:—Poor fellow! what trust he would place in the insidious smile which used to accompany the flattering expression, and he vainly hoped, that the man whose birth and education placed him in the

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high,

high, and often envied station, of a gentleman, could not be guilty of such a meanness as falsehood or deception.

He continued this credulity till he had attained the period of sixty years, and then he found he must give up all hopes of building on the airy foundation of great men's promises ; and, indeed, when he beheld his shattered frame, after a long warfare in the service of his country, he could not avoid often comparing himself in his own mind, to the old bound in the fable, " his services forgotten," and himself neglected and thrown by when of no farther use.

The wise Israelite, at the time when he was *considering* the vanity and futility of all sublunary things, never spoke more wisely than when he said, " There is one that laboureth and taketh pains, and maketh haste, and is so much the more behind." The truth of this maxim was never more fully verified than in Captain Littlefame ;

Littlefame; he had received a liberal education, he sought not to bury but to improve that talent, which naturally led him to prefer a military life; and during the forty years he served his country, he seemed as if it was impossible he could make an application in vain. Did he request of such a commanding officer to give him the command of an outpost, or the payment of a company at the time he was only a subaltern, the smiling Colonel, or the drawling Major, who *seldom* smiled, generally made him the same reply, "*I'll consider of it, Mr. Littlefame;*" who, poor fellow, went home delighted in the honest simplicity of his heart; and, perhaps, before he reached his barrack-room, the request was granted to a beardless boy, who had great interest, or an handsome sister. Poor Littlefame remained poor, and his valour was suffered to rust in obscurity; while, perhaps, the post was taken by the enemy, and the

soldiers most egregiously defrauded in their clothing and necessities.

Captain Littlefame certainly was not free from faults ; he was not an handsome man, and he was poor ; he had, it is true, one rich cousin who had acquired a large fortune in India ; but as he never chose to notice the brave veteran, so the captain resolved to be even with him, by never seeking, by any means direct or indirect, to obtain his notice ; thus he continued *always* poor, and associated together two baneful and incongruous ingredients, poverty and pride.

This worthy captain had been in several very desperate engagements, where he acted not only a valorous but a conspicuous part ; but what of that ? the colonel or the major got all the applause ; what Littlefame did was nothing ; he had only performed his duty !

But as the captain's good sense always thought it a great bore to be fighting over
he

the fire-side, we shall beg leave to imitate him, and well *consider of it*, before we should be in the awkward predicament of wearying those readers whom it is our highest ambition to entertain. We will leave his military prowess, therefore, to the imagination of those who will deign to peruse these pages, and content ourselves with only giving a small sketch of his domestic life, commencing at that period when he had told sixty years; had lost an arm and a leg, and which loss caused him to be placed on the list of invalids.

What a treasure did he now find in the excellent education which his father had bestowed on him; with what eagerness and delight did he wander through the stores of literature, which a circulating library, on the most liberal and extensive plan, afforded him. But, Oh! how sinful is poverty! If he endeavoured to make himself agreeable in conversation,

and not hide his acquirements, if he exerted his powers of oratory, and argued, as he always did, from justice and reason, nobody would listen to him; and not unfrequently has he been mortified by the very person to whom he addressed himself, turning his back upon him, while he has even beheld the smile of ridicule on the lips of others, or on their brows that kind of puckered up frown, which seems to say, "What would the fellow be at?"

At the commencement of this history, therefore, he on most days confined himself to his arm-chair, where, as a relaxation from his studies, he chiefly amused himself with listening to the stories of his select friends, who were, some of them, like himself, victims of others *consideration*; though he had two or three, who, though perhaps from their rank in life, might take a long time in *considering* whether or not they should serve another, yet

yet they had sense and discernment sufficient to know how to appreciate the refined sense and excellent heart of Captain Littlefame, and dearly loved to pass an hour or two in his agreeable society.

Captain Littlefame had been married, and had been long a widower ; during the American war, he had placed his only daughter at an eminent boarding-school, as a parlour boarder ; but not being able, from the scantiness of his purse, to be very punctual in his remittances of payment, the governess treated the poor young woman so ill, that she yielded to the persuasions of a very handsome man-milliner to elope with him, and they were accordingly married.

She wrote continually to her father, entreating him to give his consent to this imprudent union ; the Captain as constantly told her he would "*consider of it ;*" till, at length, the good gentleman was so long considering, that he found himself

a grandfather before he had come to any determination.

As Miss Littlefame could no longer keep her marriage a secret, without materially affecting her reputation, she confessed it to her father, who, though he could never be reconciled cordially to his son-in-law, yet he forgave his daughter; behaved tolerably civil to her husband on her account, and doated on his little grand-daughter.

Mrs. Clarkson, the daughter of Captain Littlefame, was, at the time of his being first invalided, a spruce widow, and her daughter, about the age of fifteen, was an half boarder at a boarding-school in the country. Mrs. Clarkson never *considered* before she spoke; she was one of the greatest gossips under the sun; and was, like the Captain, her father, very plain in her person, but very fond of dress, though she compensated for all her foibles by having the best heart in the world;

world ; the pride she took in having such a father, and her love for him was unbounded. Her husband had left her in pretty good circumstances ; and about half an year before we ever thought of making Mrs. Clarkson public, she obtained a prize in the lottery of five thousand pounds ! This made her acquaintance to be eagerly sought for by all those who had formerly shut their doors against her ; but whatever inconsistency there might be in her conduct, in this instance she shewed both sense and spirit. She scorned the friendship of those who had formerly scorned her's, however well she might wish them ; for to no one was Mrs. Clarkson an enemy ; but if she found herself really deceived, she never again trusted the deceiver ; severe distress would challenge her assistance, and the bed of sickness would cause her to fly to their aid, at the hazard of her own loss of health ; but her wounded heart could
never

never experience the warm and cordial feelings of amity towards insolence and meanness.

Till her father's return from Guernsey, where he was invalided, which was much about the time that fortune showered her favours on her, through the medium of the national lottery, she then thought her first object of *consideration* ought to be, to make her aged father comfortable. She therefore took a small convenient house, and placed in a corner by the fire an easy chair for the dear author of her being; and though there was, at first, much kind contention between them, about which should defray the expences of the table, Mrs. Clarkson at length conquered, by those liquid arms, called tears; which the *weaker* sex, as they are generally called, often make use of with success, over the most firm and vallant of the other.

Mrs. Clarkson did not want sense, and
this

this she evinced in a very important manner, in never again listening to the proposals of a second marriage; she did not even say, "*I'll consider of it*;"—No, she gave at once a flat denial; to be sure, her first marriage was so wretched, that it is no wonder it should give her a distaste to a wedded life. She was a woman of very keen feelings, and her cowardly husband had tried them in more ways than one; she had experienced corporeal, as well as mental anguish from his brutality; therefore, never having experienced the sweets of matrimony, and seeing many other women in the same situation as herself, she fancied it was only a jarring state, composed of the bitterest ingredients, which even when tempered, it was only by acidity. Besides the plainness of her person had generally made her an object of the men's neglect; her worthless husband had fancied, that as the daughter of an officer, and a parlour-

lour-boarder at an eminent school, she was a young lady of great fortune; and after she was a widow of forty, she very well knew that it was only her money which again was the cause of her being solicited in marriage.

She possessed two very ruling passions, if so they may be called, a love of dress, and a profound veneration for authors. She looked upon those unfortunate, and too often despised, beings, as belonging to a superior race of mortals, whose inspired souls held converse with heaven, while their writings enlightened the inhabitants of the earth; this veneration extended in a particular manner to *female* authors; the reader will naturally say, particularly the *male* reader, that was no proof of her sense; and we entirely agree with him; particularly as her greatest ambition was to see her own daughter one day turn author; she might as well have
expected

expected an inhabitant to descend from the moon.

But all human wisdom is bounded ; poor Mrs. Clarkson had her hobby-horse ; and the Captain would have been very glad had she chosen some other kind of a Rosinante ; this was a point they never could agree upon—he hated all boarding-schools ; but was particularly averse to his grand-daughter being kept any longer, now she was grown a fine tall girl, in a place where he declared she would now learn nothing but deceit and vanity, without any kind of domestic economy.

Mrs. Clarkson constantly replied, that she had much higher and nobler views for her girl than to make her a mere household drudge : but when she has seen her father really vexed, and words would threaten to become very serious between them, on her obstinate refusal to the Captain's request of taking his grand-daughter from school, immediately she has then

then embraced him, parted from him with an affectionate good night, and added, "you may fully depend upon it, my dear Sir, that *I will consider of it.*"

CHAP. III.

Characters in the Present History.

CAPTAIN LITTLEFAME reflected how often he had made use of this phrase to delay his daughter's marriage, before his dear grand-daughter had been brought into the world; therefore he thought he might place just as much foundation on her saying, "*I'll consider of it,*" as he meant *she* should, when her marriage with the man-milliner was in agitation. This caused him to retire to rest in rather a sulky mood; but when seated next morning at the breakfast table, he experienced,

rienced, from the kindness of his good daughter, such tender and gratifying attention, that he smiled, as usual, with all his benevolent complacency, and ceased to renew the subject till a more favourable opportunity should offer.

If a female should chance to cast her eyes over these pages, especially a modern female, with an intent of reading the work through, I know she will be impatiently looking out for an heroine. "If," says she, "it is that ugly old woman. Mrs. Clarkson, I'll throw the book on one side, for I am sick already of so much of "*I'll consider of it.*" Patience, dear lady, you was crazy to get hold of the little book entitled, "*Thinks I to Myself;*" and you, with many others like you, went from library to library till you could procure it; but, no doubt, you found it delightful to read over the recorded power of female charms, and how they gave to the heart of the author of the

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the above singular production, those *bumps, bumps, bumps, bumps, bumps,* which take up near half a page!!!

“ But stop a little,” continues the lady reader, “ *I'll consider of it* first; I can skip a little, and see if there is not some other heroine besides that Mrs. Clarkson.”

“ Now pray, dear madam, do not skip; it is a childish action; and, though well as I love your sex, I do not write for that dear sex alone; yet there will be a great deal in this short work, which I request you will lay home to your hearts; therefore do not skip, and I will introduce to you both a young and pretty heroine in this my third chapter.

Now I have depicted several heroines; and yet for the life of me I could not forget that they are mortals, and erring females; expect not, then, dear ladies, to find in Charlotte Clarkson a model of perfection either in mind or person; she was little more than a child when I first
knew

knew her ; she is but a girl now, in age, for I must *consider of it* before I let you know whether she is yet married or not.

She was neither a languishing, sentimental kind of a girl, with more solid sense than a Minister of State ; nor a laughing Euphrosine, nor a ramping Hoyden, possessed of all the punning wit of Joseph Miller, Esq. of jesting memory, and severe as a cynic in her smart replies : but she was an amiable sweet tempered girl, kind and compassionate, adoring her dear grandfather with the liveliest gratitude ; obedient to her mother from choice, and loving her above all earthly beings.

“ What kind of person ? ” My good lady be not impatient ; rather below the middle size, plump and lovely, with the most beautiful little hand and foot that ever were seen ; her eyes of a fine dark hazel ; mild but intelligent, and often mistaken for black, by the long fringes which ornamented

ornamented their fair curtains; a well-shaped nose, small mouth, and beautiful teeth, with a profusion of chesnut hair; all these attractions had Charlotte Clarkson; and yet, dear ladies, not one of you ever thought she had the smallest pretensions to beauty—at least such was what you always outwardly declared.

She could not play a single air on any musical instrument, but she had learnt to sing correctly to music, because she had one of the finest voices in the world. I rather think she *could* play, but as she did not excel, and could not endure the fatigue and trouble of learning music, or the scientific, or rather *flourishing* part of that charming accomplishment, she always declared her inability when called upon to perform.

She was very fond of working in the garden, digging, hoeing, riding on horse-back, feeding poultry, and playing with dogs and cats; she was not fond of work-

ing at her needle; wristbanding of shirts was her aversion, and she hated the trouble of writing a letter. Her pocket money, which she was allowed weekly, was all gone in one day; then she would weep at her mismanagement whenever a beggar chanced to come in her way, borrow of her schoolfellows, and not have sufficient to pay what she owed when her allowance became due. O what a girl for a mother to make an author of! poor Charlotte never *considered at all* before she acted.

Yet, strange to tell, Mrs. Clarkson built much on the education of her daughter as a prelude to literary fame. Alas! though education may assist, it can never impart that genius which is innate, and certainly the gift of a superior power. "How many write novels," said Mrs. Clarkson one day to her father, "mere girls at school, and shall I never see my girl appear in print?" "God forbid," said

said the Captain, "that she should pen such trash as some of our domestic tales of the present day; where *he* went *there*, and *she* came *here*, and she put out the candle, because it was moonlight, and *sat down at the window, and then shut it down for fear she should catch cold* *."

"Oh!" said Mrs. Clarkson, "but I wish her to write an elegant *romance*; there lies true genius——" "Hold, hold," said the captain, "can you never be taught how to estimate genius instead of perverting it? Will you never comprehend the difference between the soaring genius of inspiration, and the writer who composes the improbable trash of an high flown romance? between the sweet numbers of the bard of original and sterling merit, who, like the immortal Shakespeare, follows nature and her alone, and the laboured, though *affectedly irregular*,

* *Vile Adulteress*, vol. II.

metre, of the literary mechanic, who, after ransacking old legends, produces from the store-house of memory beings more than celestial, though born and bred in the rudest ages and most barbarous climes."

Mrs. Clarkson, however, looked on all the reasoning of her father only as the effects of his age, and the consequences of a peevishness she fancied him possessed of, in a temper naturally excellent, but only soured by disappointment.

One day, as they were very warmly engaged in a debate of this kind, a gentleman entered, who was much attached to Captain Littlefame, who had been this gentleman's father's most intimate and best beloved friend. This gentleman, Major Farrington, was about thirty years of age, a man of fortune and fashion, and possessed of a good share of family pride; he had a fine martial figure, and an handsome face; his smile was irresistible,

tible, and his manners engaging ; his understanding was well cultivated, and, though he sometimes, in compliance with modern manners, followed the rude and clumsy fashion of the day in his outward dress and *address*., yet he so soon recollected himself as to *consider* well that such innovations are highly indecorous ; but whether he adopted the equalizing manners of the day, the coachman's whistle with his triple caped coat, or the polite elegant manners of the men of polished education, with his opera dress ; whether it was one or the other which he adopted, it was no matter ; there was a kind of atmosphere round his whole form which seemed to breathe a whisper to all who saw him, and came within its influence—" This is a GENTLEMAN."

To a knowledge of fashionable life, he united that of the world at large ; he was equally learned in the anecdotes of the prince and his porter ; from the se-

cret history of the lord, who dashed along, four-in-hand, to the jokes of the passenger who cleared his lordship's paths.

He had married a lady of large fortune, and had within these two years been a widower, and he amused his leisure and solitary hours in remarking the various pursuits of the different orders of society.

It was a sad disappointment to Captain Littlefame, if his friend the Major did not visit him at least twice in a week ; sometimes, on a Sunday, he would call in his landaulet, and take him a ride amongst the motly groups of fashion in Hyde-park, where his large acquaintance and extensive knowledge of private anecdote, rendered the hours they past there replete with real amusement.

The first Sunday on which the Captain had accompanied him, Farrington observed a solemn silence till they came in to the very midst of the throng. " Now, what

what do you say," he then exclaimed, "to this jostle of carriages, and that well dusted and well dressed group of pedestrians?" "Oh, positively nothing," says Littlefame; "I am come here with a full resolution only to listen to your remarks, and perhaps profit by them; I have known you long enough to be convinced of their *originality*; and you have been so long in the bustle of fashionable life, that I am sure you must have added much to your graphic talents." He smiled, but quickly remarked, "Is it not strange now, to see such a motley crew collected together for the mere purpose of seeing and being seen!" "True," replied the Captain, "but I am all impatience to hear an anecdote or two you promised me on our first setting out." "Oh, true," said the Major, and immediately began a scandalous history or two, with which we do not mean to sully our pages; there have been so many of those *Ambrosian*

publications, as "do you see that lady in the carriage drawn by bays? or the lady that is seated at the third card table?" and all that hacknied kind of way of introducing characters, that we should be ashamed to make use of such commonplace ideas—no, depend upon it, dear readers, I shall *consider of it* before I give you any anecdote of titled frailty or elevated guilt, under the veil of fiction, or *simply touch* upon immorality in a *momentary* remark; whatever real characters I may depict, shall be dwelt on long enough for the proud, the vain, the ridiculous, or the guilty, to see themselves "as in a glass."

And, least my impatient female readers, of ardent and quick imaginations, should directly set down Major Farrington as my hero, and the future lover of the school-girl, Miss Clarkson, (recollect he is thirty, she only fifteen, he just twice her age), I had better introduce another
man

man of fortune, who condescended to visit Major Littlefame, before I close this chapter.

He was a wealthy citizen, of the name of Dorimon; and his father, Sir Philip Dorimon, had been knighted and was so proud of the honour and title, that, like a certain *Pythagorean* knight, known in ancient times, by the title of the *Knight of the Bridge*, Sir Philip Dorimon has been known to *go to bed in his spurs!*

But young Dorimon, though born in the very heart of commerce, had received his education at a public and polite seminary; and, when he arrived at the age of twenty-one, he hated business, and evinced a most decided propensity to dash in fashionable life; he was a fine, handsome young man, and his mother's pride and darling. Sir Philip raved and swore, and declared he knew not what to do with such an incorrible puppy: at length riches, which will always purchase inter-

rest, enabled him to obtain for his son a lucrative situation in the commissariat department, then going out to Corunna.

It is needless to dwell on an expedition which proved ill-fated; it is too late now to *consider of it*. Young Dorimon returned, however, enriched; and, though he hated trade more than ever, yet the eminent peril of a narrow escape from having been taken prisoner by the French, and a threatened shipwreck, made him breathe, as he encountered each of these dangers, a solemn vow never, let the gain be what it would, to trust his person a second time over the deep and threatening ocean.

Lady Dorimon, his mother, was a woman of very shallow understanding, and the most vulgar manners, though as proud as Lucifer, especially since her exaltation to a title; and, after her son had been abroad, her silly arrogance increased: nobody could beat it into her head
but

but what her son was an officer in the army: and she always gave to his blue Staff coat the appellation of *regimentals*, and she declared she could not help it, but ever since her son had been a *military* man, she quite hated the city, for she could not find any one there fit to *sociate* with; really there *wasn't* nobody but what was so *walgar*, she must beg of Sir Philip to take an house at the *west* end of the town. But Sir Philip was deaf. She then formed another mode of attack; she knew he was fond of the country; and she begged he would remove a little way out of town, for her health and *narves* *was* so disordered. "Why, Molly, Molly, you look very well," said the Knight. "Molly, indeed!" said my lady, "Please, Sir Philip, when you speak to me, to call me my lady, or lady Dorimon; if you *doesn't* know manners, I must *larn* them you. I always *calls* you Sir Philip; and I *don't* look *vell*, Sir Philip, besides, Sir Philip,

Philip, if I do, Sir Philip, I've an inward complaint." "Well, my Lady Dorimon, *I'll consider of it ! I'll consider of it.*"

For much as the knight might love the country, he was still much more attached to his counting-house in Watling-street. However, his lady would hear, she declared, no more of his *vulgar* expression of, "*I'll consider of it,*" and accordingly teased and tormented her good man till he consented to take her an house in the country, and which was pleasantly situated in that *rural* neighbourhood, Pimalico Terrace !

CHAP. III.

*A few Reflections on Modern
Education.*

IT is not to be supposed that so great a personage as Lady Dorimon would visit Captain Littlefame, before his daughter's accession to fortune, through the lottery, whatever predilection the city dame might feel for the officers of the army, since her dear boy had become one, but having been at the same school with Mrs. Clarkson, a short time, she had taken a great fancy to her, and they married, much about the same time, both at a very early age.

Lady

Lady Dorimon, then Mrs. Dorimon, condescended, for was not it, she said, in her a great condescension, who had married the richest man in the city, to patronize the poor milliner? and she had all her rich paraphernalia made at Mrs. Clarkson's repository, for which, thank God, she used to say, she could afford to pay ready money down upon the nail.

When Mrs. Clarkson became a widow, Lady Dorimon called on her to offer her compliments of condolence, and was truly happy to hear, nevertheless, that she was left in such good circumstances; for news of this kind flies apace through the city. Lady Dorimon, in consequence, sometimes asked Mrs. Clarkson to take a family dinner, on a Sunday, in Watling street, and when the fortune of Mrs. Clarkson increased, her ladyship often invited her and her father; and one Christmas she invited the whole family to a ball, and young Dorimon danced with

with Charlotte the whole evening, and he was ever after unremitting in his visits to Captain Littlefame; but it was impossible to say whether the daughter took him there or no; for Mr. Dorimon went to see the Captain quite as often when Charlotte was at school; and he seemed really to love the conversation of her intelligent grandfather; and who that had experienced the advantages of a good education, could be indifferent to the native sense and literary acquirements of Captain Littlefame?

It is certain, however, that Dorimon did admire Charlotte as a charming, artless, and unassuming girl; but weigh her in the balance against money,—Oh, how the yellow metal would preponderate, while she would “*kick the beam!*”

For, with all his aversion to trade, all his love of a dashing, fashionable life, money was Dorimon's idol.

Such are the characters which at that period

period composed the most intimate associates of Captain Littlefame and his daughter, and I must now beg leave to revert back to the time when Major Farrington entered, in the midst of the debate on authorship, between Mrs. Clarkson and her father.

Captain Littlefame always wished his daughter to be silent on this subject, except when they were entirely by themselves. He knew, amongst the Major's fashionable propensities, that he indulged himself in that of quizzing; and as he was convinced his daughter thought much of Farrington's good sense, he reflected that he had now a fair opportunity of speaking on that subject which always lay next his heart; and just as Mrs. Clarkson was saying, "I'll be judged by the Major"—"Aye," said the Captain directly, "I am sure the Major thinks with me, that when a girl is fifteen years of age, it is high time she quitted the
boarding-

boarding-school, and be taught to assist her mother in domestic concerns." There was no quizzing on the Major's expressive countenance, he looked rather as if displeased; he frowned and appeared embarrassed; while Mrs. Clarkson blushed, and felt so vexed at this subject being again broached, in the room of her favourite one, that she had not courage to say a word in contradiction to what her father had uttered.

"My daughter," resumed the Captain, after a pause, "keeps telling me, *she'll consider of it.*" "Then," said the Major, coldly, "I hope, madam, the result of your *considerations* will be to keep your daughter some time longer at school; it is true, that when she comes home, she will, certainly, be under your immediate eye; but she will loose all her French, all her emulation to become an accomplished woman; and—and——"—"I am astonished," interrupted the Captain,
 "I

"I am sure, Major Farrington, you are now speaking against your better judgment; come, do you now please to *consider well* before you suffer your politeness to the sex to degenerate into that flattery, which causes your tongue to utter what I am sure your heart cannot approve." "*I have considered well,*" said the Major, "I have weighed all things well in my mind." This he spoke with much emphasis; then, taking a more cool and serious air, he continued, "I have, certainly, nothing to do with your future disposal of Miss Clarkson, only that I feel interested, my worthy friend, for every part of your family; you asked my opinion, and I give it you; I think she had better remain some time longer at school." He seemed then as if in haste to drop the subject; and very soon, after some slight desultory conversation, he bade the Captain and his daughter good morning, leaving both parties in silent wonder;

wonder ; for Mrs. Clarkson had so often heard the Major blame mothers for keeping their girls at school too long, that she knew not how to account for this sudden change in his opinion, and it left her in that state of astonishment, that she could not offer one word of triumph, that Major Farrington, her father's oracle, had acquiesced in her opinion,

The next time, however, that Littlefame was again alone with the Major, he began to converse on female education, and he said, amongst other remarks, " I wonder if those illustrious females, Elizabeth Tudor, that glory of England, and lady Jane Grey, that youthful wonder of learning, received *their* education at a boarding-school ?" No," said Farrington, " nor from a juvenile library ; even Goody Two Shoes, and Jack the Giant Killer were then in embryo. But trust me, my good friend, if you will but take the trouble of *considering* a little, you will

will be enabled to tell me the result of a home-education in this metropolis, according to the present mode !” “ Pshaw !” said the Captain, “ to use a soldier’s term, why need I be *bush-fighting* ? no, I will tell you, in plain terms, I wish to speak again with you on that subject which is nearest my heart, and which we slightly touched on the last time you called on me. Farrington, I am now getting very old ; and though I am healthy, the loss of my limbs naturally keeps me much at home, and I want the pleasure of that little cherub’s company ; we are apt, I believe, to doat on our grand-children more than our immediate offspring.” The Major was now profoundly silent ; but the various emotions of his mind were diffused over his animated countenance. Littlefame saw that he was much affected, and continued : “ My little girl, when she comes home, will not imbibe that pernicious love for dissipation which you
hinted

hinted at as the result of an home-education, and which, Heaven knows, too much prevails in this splendid city ; she is too far removed from high life." " Pardon me," said Farrington, " your family and profession entitle you to mix in the first circles ; your small selection of acquaintance belongs chiefly to them, and you will be guilty of manifest injustice to Miss Clarkson, if you do not allow her to accept those offers of introduction which are sure to be held out to her amongst those you mix with, at the large parties given by lady Dorimon and a few others amongst your less intimate friends. Then a propensity to parties, routs, and crowded assemblies, insinuates itself into the youthful mind ; for do not these gaudy and expensive entertainments entirely captivate even the mature matrons of the present day ?—Heaven forbid," added he, with an energy which he checked himself for,

for, and endeavoured to suppress, " that I should ever see Miss Clarkson resemble, in the smallest degree, some of the *highly accomplished* flutterers of this our nineteenth century ; I have endeavoured to attach myself to them, for a whole evening, to see if I possibly could discover any thing solid amongst the tinsel accomplishments they possess. I have found them neither historians, or geographers ; mere smatterers in the languages they had learnt, ignorant almost in fact of every thing except the newest fashions, the scandalous tale of the day, a recent wedding in high life, the new performers engaged at the Opera-house, and all the *routine* of modern amusement for the winter. I found they had perfect discernment in the difference between false and real jewels, the various shades and properties of *rouge*, and some few of them were not unskilled in horse-dealing ;

dealing; some have affected to profess even those obsolete virtues, economy and housewifery; but of what kind? one made all her own shoes; another was a very pretty turner, and framed all her own drawings!"

"And yet," said Littlefame, "my dear friend, after the ludicrous picture you have drawn of our present feminine accomplishments, the understanding and quick intellect of British women I believe never yet were called in question; they even naturally possess a solidity of thought and mind seldom equalled by the natives of other countries; and to this is added that exquisite sensibility, which, by foreigners, is often esteemed as proceeding only from a lively and enthusiastic imagination, more than from an excess of feeling—we will admit it to be so," added he, seeing the Major about to interrupt him, "and even saturnity, with such a
false

false glow of sentiment, if false it is, must, when blended with a good understanding, form a soil capable of bearing the choicest produce."

"And so it would," replied Major Farrington, "but fashion and the increase of luxury have destroyed it; victims of a false education, consisting only in shewy and trivial accomplishments, our women are not only half-learned, or almost ignorant, but they are utter strangers to the domestic duties, and the rearing their own offspring, when they come to be mothers, which, however, the cold steel of their long busked stays, which many do not throw off when even in a state of pregnancy, bids fair to deprive them of the sacred title of a parent, and to depopulate our country more than an eight years disastrous war. Such," added he, with a sigh, "was the sad and fatal result of Mrs. Farrington's inordinate love of modish

dish attire ; her only child was destroyed before it ever saw the light, and continual spasms and cramps terminated in an inward complaint in the chest, which baffled all the skill of the physicians, and soon sent the victim of fashion to the tomb.

“ No,” continued he, after a pause, which was rather painful on account of the remembrance his last words awakened. “ I am not an advocate for either girls or boys being educated at home ; and, if you will take my advice, you will no longer teize Mrs. Clarkson any more about taking her daughter from school : better keep her there till she is near seventeen.”

“ *I'll consider of it,*” said the Captain, as the entrance of a morning visitor put a stop to any further remarks on this important subject.

“ Do, I beg of you,” said Major

Farrington, making a formal, though rather quizzical bow, as he past the female visitor, who was no other than Lady Dorimon.

CHAP. IV.

A Discovery not equally painful to all concerned.



LADY DORIMON did not appear in very good humour; she threw herself down on the chair the Captain drew for her, and told him she was *wastly* sorry that she had *discommodicated* him, as she had only called to *ax* Mrs. Clarkson how she did, and have a bit of chat with her; "for you *knows*" Sir, added she, "*women* generally *likes* to open their minds to one another; *howsomever*, I will leave my *tickut*, and take my leave."

"I expect her in every minute," said

Littlefame, "if your ladyship would like to wait a little."

"O dear no, I thank ye," replied she, coldly, "I *has* got to go, and call this morning on some of my rich city acquaintances; we, in the city, *has* the money after all, Captain Littlefame."

"True, Madam," said he, "and I *consider*, with a degree of conscious pride, the superiority of our city, in that respect, over every other in the whole world. It is but seldom I go to that part of the town, but when I do, I look on every dray, on every cart and loaded porter, which impede my progress, as so many burthened proofs of the city's wealth; and *consider* that great emporium of riches, Lombard-street, and every narrow lane and alley. as so many mines of almost inexhaustible wealth; and——"

"Ah! *lawk!*" interrupted her *polite* ladyship, "what *sennifies* considering? when we can't get this *vealth!* I declares,

Sir

Sir Philip makes me sick with his *considering*; and that *vulgar* expression, *I'll consider of it*, I tells him, is for ever and amen in his mouth."

"And yet, my lady," said Littlefame, with a smile, "people of very high consequence are very apt to make use of that expression."

"Why, *lawk*! you don't say so?" said Lady Dorimon, "see how a title *natterally* makes one feel one's consequence! I declares, Sir Philip scarce ever *used* to *use* that expression *afore* he was knighted. Well, I really *doesn't* know whether there *doesn't* sound something grand in saying, '*I'll consider of it.*' Well, I must be off, and get into my *baroktche* again directly. So I wishes you a good morning, Sir. Now, I'll just tell you, I *means* to make up a match with your brother officer——"

"——Who, my lady? I have many."

"Oh! no doubt," said her ladyship,
D 3
laughing,

laughing, "but you know my son's son; and a rich *un*, too, not like some poor *insigns* as has scarce enough to keep body and soul together; however, I *means* he shall have the rich *dater* of Mr. Scrimp, the great *war* and *taller* chandler; he has neither chick nor chick but her, and she'll have a swingeing fortune; and then, again, it will all be in the *military* way, for you *knows* my son is an officer, and Mr. Scrimp commands a company of *volunteers*, so he'll be just as much at home as when he was at *Crummer*."

I should hope not, thought Littlefame, for then he will be obliged to *run away* from his wife!

"Well, Sir," went on her ladyship, "this here is the match as I *has* laid out for my boy; so I would'nt have some folks, who *has* but very little *fortune*, indeed, take it into their heads, as ever young *master* Dorimon, son of Sir Philip Dorimon, knight, and Lady Dorimon, would

would go for to make *them* his wife ; for you sees, Sir, my son has been abroad, in the wars ; and may be a little *rakish* or so ; I daresays," added she, with a significant look, " you knows well enough what the *army* is ; so, you knows, it's *wery natteral* for my son to flirt and talk a pack of *nonsense sort* of flummery and stuff, when he happens to meet with a pretty genteelish looking girl ; but then he is too rich to make *them* his wife."

The Captain, not in the least comprehending this part of her ladyship's speech, presented his only hand to lead her to her barouche, as she rose to take her leave, saying, " he hoped he should soon have the pleasure of seeing her and Sir Philip," and requested her to fix a day.

" *I'll consider of it,*" said she, in an affected tone of consequence. " Dear Captain," added she, after the pause requisite after this now *consequential* expression, " I wonders you *does'nt* get a

Cork leg ! That ugly *rooden* one makes such a stumping in a drawing room ; and you've *railly* made a little *ole* in my best *Prussian* carpet. Do get a cork leg *afore* you comes again to see ME."

" *I'll consider of it,*" retorted the Captain, with an air which shewed he was not well pleased with her ladyship's manner. The carriage then rattled away from the door ; and the high fed horses, who had stood pawing, impatient to be gone, pranced most delightfully, and drew the wishing eyes of the pedestrian, who lived at ease, but could not afford the luxury of a carriage, while they terrified him or her who hastily crossed the street to pursue the calls of industry ; thus rode along the city dame, while the good veteran *stumped* back to his easy chair by his humble and happy fireside.

Captain Littlefame was put rather out of temper, not only by what he deemed insolence from the purse-proud Lady Dorimon,

Simon, when she ascended her carriage, but his dinner was spoiled with waiting so long for his daughter, which was at least two hours beyond his usual time of dining. What a gossip she is, thought he, in the first impetus of impatience and disappointment; then he was not without a great portion of uneasiness on her account, for with all her love of incessant talk, Mrs. Clarkson took care that every thing which came under her household direction, should go on with the regularity of clock-work.

But the reason of Mrs. Clarkson's long stay was simply this, she had met Lady Dorimon just before she turned out of Pall Mall into Cockspur-street, riding along in her new open barouche; the lady not only graciously kissed her hand, but stopped the carriage, and entreated Mrs. Clarkson to take a seat.

Mrs. Clarkson assured her ladyship she should be extremely happy to accept

her polite offer, but that as their road lay exactly contrary, she hoped she would pardon her availing herself of it, as she feared it might cause her to be beyond the usual hour of dinner. "Oh," said her ladyship, who had now no farther wish to go in the city, "I will turn back, and you will have plenty of time to take a little airing with me in *High-park*." This was in Mrs. Clarkson's way home, for her house was situated in *All-sop's-buildings*, *New-road*. She gladly consented then to profit by the kind accommodation of her ladyship's manner; ascended the carriage, and both ladies directly fell into a conversation peculiarly interesting to each. What the particulars of this conversation were, never transpired; but I think the reader must have already given a shrewd guess, and if he has not, he will, before he has read many pages farther. The conversation was so interesting to Mrs. Clarkson, that memory and

and recollection were quite absorbed in the faculty of listening, and in planning of schemes for future times; and she had many reasons for forgetting her home and her punctual hour of dinner, for her head was almost turned; and yet that dear parent, whose dinner she had occasioned to be spoilt, was the first great cause and object in her present machinations.

Her pride was, in the first place, highly gratified at mounting the step of this elegant carriage, not only before Oliphant's door, the great army hatter, to whom she had just been giving orders to make her father a new hat, but Mr. Bailey, the perfumer, also stood at his door, whose essences and *rouge* she had often formerly procured for those young ladies who purchased millinery of her, and whose prudent parents, or *fastidious* and *grumpy* husbands, had forbidden them the use of such pernicious articles; but let it not be imagined that Mrs. Clark-

son, when a milliner, was like some others who reside at the west end of the town; she was not one of those convenient ladies, like a certain French-woman in that trade, in the neighbourhood of G——-square; she allowed no private meetings at her house between the different sexes, to encourage vice and illicit intercourse; nor had she any upper rooms, where day appears through the drawn blinds only as a gloomy twilight, where ices and refreshments are always ready, and the voluptuous Ottoman invites to repose. No, Mrs. Clarkson only dealt in what belonged to her trade; she had also suffered herself to be persuaded, and the truth indeed strikes but too deeply on every mind, that ladies who live in a constant round of dissipation, whose day commences at two in the afternoon, and whose nights end not till five the next—what other people call *morning*; to these, indeed, factitious colour is absolutely

ly

ly indispensable; and in what was consistent with prudence, and devoid of vice, Mrs. Clarkson always shewed herself obliging.

Now, not only did these two tradespeople who knew her so well, see her, but several of her acquaintance, who were of the middle class also, whom she had met perambulating the streets, on this eventful day, which chanced to be remarkably fine. No wonder, then, in a mind rather weak, in a woman fond of dress and ornament, that pride should take the lead; what would, she reflected, Mrs. Such-a-one, or Mr. So-and-so think at seeing her so intimate with Lady Derimon? for the lady's hand was affectionately prest, sometimes on the knee, sometimes on the shoulder of Mrs. Clarkson, to whom she was seen speaking on some subject which seemed highly interesting; but if true politeness consists in modestly looking at the speaker, then Mrs. Clarkson

she was very impolite, for she never looked at her at all; her eyes wandered there, there, everywhere, as she rode along the streets, to see who looked at her. But who would see her in Hyde-park that would gaze on her situation with either envy or respect? and why did not she, as they entered the park gate, rather stop, and politely say, she would consider of it, before she so readily gave her consent to accompany her ladyship to Kensington? When she came back to the gate which led to Oxford-street, and the interesting conversation had begun to flag, she looked at her watch, and found it wanted but a quarter to five; for the approaching dusk of evening, and the flagging of the aforesaid conversation, had caused her to look at this little wonderful piece of mechanism with some degree of anxiety, and she uttered the exclamation of "mercy on us, it's almost five!"

"Lawk! good woman, you really
frighted

frighted me! why what if it is such a *pallopin* hour?" "But, three is the hour, at which we always dine; and my father on no account will sit down to table without me, unless he knows I am gone to dine out." "Well, then," said Lady Dorimon, "you had better, ma'am, get out here, and I shall go home to *Pemlico*; you lives in such a *hout* of the way place, that *railly* you must quite excuse my coming to call on you so often, as I used to; for, as we lives almost close to the *pallie*, it's a *pardigious* distance to drive for a morning call."

Mrs. Clarkson now took her leave of her ladyship, whose manners had, by degrees, degenerated, into a remarkable coldness since the time she first requested her friend to take a seat in her carriage, to the time she sat her down; but that did not prevent Mrs. Clarkson being particularly pleased with this morning's adventure: she, however, severely blamed herself

herself for not being home in better time, and threw herself into the first hackney coach she saw, telling the man to set her down within a few doors of her own house; the coachman obeyed, and a drizzling shower coming on, when she had yet many doors to pass, the coachman stopped, saying, "Ma'am, will it make any difference to you if I put you down here, here's a gentleman will take me, as is going to the city just by where I live; and, as I'm a *morning man*, I should be glad to be at home."

"O certainly," said the good Mrs. Clarkson, ever ready to do a kind action, when, Oh! the scarlet velvet *ridicule* was gone; she had laid it on the opposite side of Lady Dorimon's coach, and in her hurry and agitation had forgot to take it up again: she wore no pockets—she had no money!

The gentleman had already seated himself in the coach; he was not one of those
elegant

elegant beings, that imagine a female of any age, or any kind of person, handsome or ugly, is entitled from his sex to protection and respect; no, he first whistled, then looked at Mrs. Clarkson, pulled up both the glasses, then hastily letting one down again, he called out to the coachman, "D—me, sir, how long are you going to stand haggling there? will you be pleased to mount the box, and drive on?"

"Why, Sir," says the man, who had more civility than himself, "the lady has left her little bag in another lady's coach, so if you'll please to let me just take the lady to her own door, I'll come and take your honour up directly."

"H—ll and the devil," said the *polite* gentleman, "do you think I'm to stay for you, to get wet to the skin; open the door and let me out; curse me, madam, but I think you look old enough to take care of your money. No, d—n it, now I
consider

consider of it, I'll not stir.—possession is eleven points of the law."

"Sir," said Mrs. Clarkson, very civilly, "will you have the kindness, then, to allow me to get into the coach again, and drive with me to my house, that I may satisfy this honest man, and whatever he charges more to you on that account, I will cheerfully pay him?"

"I'll see you at the devil first; I'm in a hurry, madam. Come, your scoundrel, mount the box?" "Give me the number of your coach, good man," said Mrs. Clarkson, "you see how I am situated, and the incivility of that gentleman: call to-morrow at No. 4, in Allsop's buildings, and I will pay you."

"Why, ma'am," says the coachman, "I see very plain that you're a gentlewoman, and though, to be sure, we never let people go on *tick* in these matters, I'll trust you ma'am; for it's so fortunate, to take

take a last fare almost near the place
one lives in, when one's a *morning man*."

... O Erskine! blessed be thy name, and
blessed be thy memory! "The merciful
man is merciful to his beast," and they
"who are merciful, will obtain mercy."
Great, then, will be thy reward! Thy
name, like sweetest incense, will live
through ages, and the recollection of it,
will raise to thee an altar of grateful tri-
bute in every compassionate and feeling
heart.

The almost worn-out hackney horse,
aggravated no longer by the want of need-
ful rest, is indebted to thee for this wise
and merciful regulation; and these *morn-
ing men*, as they call themselves, are
those who first quit their stands, and ap-
pear again on them at the break of morn-
ing; while the more young and stronger
steeds are destined to attend the theatres,
transport those people to their homes who
may be engaged in nocturnal visitings,
and

and should not be on the stands again till nine or ten in the morning; at least such, we believe, were thy wise and beneficent regulations for the most useful and generous animal in the world; and if thy merciful intentions are abused by those, who, though wearing the image of the Deity, are greater brutes than those they wantonly afflict, such abusers are no fault of thine!

When Mrs. Clarkson arrived home, her smart nankeen boots, laced with scarlet, were wet through, and her hair hanging in Medusian twists, the damp having totally deranged the regular rings, in which it had encircled each side of her face in the morning; she found it was ten minutes after five, by her father's watch, which always went too slow; and the roast beef was dried to a chip; Betty had taken off the potatoes, to be sure, but they were quite cold, and broke to pieces. Captain Littlefame was an old man.

men, and age and infirmities render persons sometimes a little fractious when put out of their way; if his ill-humour evaporated in a sharp word or sentence, it was over immediately; and when he found that no other reason had detained his daughter but taking a ride with the arrogant Lady Derimon, he pettishly said, "I'd as soon have heard you'd been at the devil." His good humour returned in a few seconds; but his appetite was gone; however, he good humouredly said he would eat the more at his tea, and desired Betty to let him have it at his usual hour of half past six.

"Do you know, Martha," said he, as they sat chatting by the fire after supper, that I do not know whether I will not entirely give up the point about your girl coming home so soon; Major Farrington has spoken with a deal of good sense about young girls being in the world too early." "Mr. Farrington," said she, drawing

drawing up her head with great consequence, "is a very unsteady person in his opinions; I think he had better mind his own business." "Why, what can you mean?" said the Captain rather angrily, "did not we ask his opinion?" "It was asked," said Mrs. Clarkson, with an air of importance, "but there was no occasion; surely every mother knows best what to do about her own child."

"Well, well," said the Captain, "certainly you have the first right, but I thought you would be pleased that I agreed with you to keep her a little longer at school."

"But I suppose," replied Mrs. Clarkson, "that I may change my opinion about that matter as well as Major Farrington; a little while ago, my dear Sir, you was crazy to have her home, and I am sure you have teased me about it ever since she was fourteen. I have weighed things well in my mind; she's getting a fine

fine womanly girl, and perhaps by *bringing her out* she may make her fortune."

"Fye, fye, Martha," said the Captain, "never set your daughter to sale."—

"Oh, as to that," said Mrs. Clarkson, with a kind of knowing smile, "there's no occasion; I believe she has only been seen *already*, as one may say, and made her conquests too, without seeking for it."

The watchman now cried the hour of half past ten; Captain Littlefame affectionately shook hands with his daughter, and said, "Good night, my dear, I only entreat you, if you are seeking to throw your daughter into company to gain her a rich husband, for God's sake keep her at school a little longer." "Very well, dear Sir," replied she, in a mysterious jesting kind of way, "depend upon it I'll *consider* of what you say."

CHAP. V.

Containing various matter.

YOUNG girls are very apt to form friendship with their school-mates ; and there have been instances when such have lasted through the whole period of their lives. The heart of Charlotte Clarkson was warm, affectionate, and excellent, it was easily accessible to this celestial sentiment, this angelic love, devoid of passion, but replete with feeling, which is an emanation of soul alone ; and therefore, frequently the choice is made of one of contrary

trary temper, totally differing in person, manners, and even in disposition.

Charlotte was never a girl that *considered* about any thing; I believe I made the remark before; but there was generally a good motive which first guided her actions. Valencia Mordaunt was the only daughter of a rich and ancient house; she was sensible, witty, and well accomplished; but there was a pride and severity in her manner, and a satiric wit, which was sharp as a razor, and which made her universally disliked in the whole school. Charlotte saw it, and attached herself first to her from motives of pity. Her attention was received with kind acknowledgment; for, amongst all the faults that shone in this accomplished and haughty girl, one sweet and amiable virtue blazed in her heart, and by its bright flame seemed to purify all her errors, and this was gratitude!

But never were two girls so different

in persons and manners as Charlotte Clarkson and Valencia Mordaunt; on the countenance of Charlotte was painted a character of artless candour, and a timid modesty beamed from her sweet hazel eye. Valencia possessed a complexion animated by the most dazzling expression, her hair was the colour of the raven's wing, and her large brilliant black eye spoke pride, and evinced a temper, impatient of control; but in loving the amiable Charlotte, she seemed to correct that temper through her mildness; yet she was wild and enthusiastic in her ideas, and her friendship seemed to proceed more from her imagination than her heart.

Charlotte was of that sweet mind, which seems to purify what it loves, and she would give up all selfish interest for a friend; thus she felt no regret at the other girls forsaking her, after the bond of friendship had been formed between
her

her and Valencia, in whose captivating wit, excellent understanding, and skill in all her different acquirements, she ever found herself amply repaid for the neglect of others; for Charlotte, though a lively playful girl, as was natural at her early age, we have said before, was no romping hoyden; her heart was filled with generous sentiments, and her mind, though her youth caused her never to stop and say, *I'll consider of it*, was compounded of fixed and stable principles when called into action; so that she bade fair, either in friendship or love, to hold equally in contempt misfortune, honour, shame, ignomy, or glory, when unconnected with those two great and powerful feelings of the human heart.

But the germ of these principles might only be said to be just planted there; they could not be expected to have yet come to maturity. For, indeed, my heroine was not so clever at fifteen years

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old,

old, as the hero of his own tale, in his early boyhood, in "*Thinks I to Myself*;" for he certainly could not be very big, to be hid behind a book-case?

Why, where is this author of this book, with the odd title, "*I'll Consider of It*," flying off to now? Patience, my dear Sir, I do not write for your sex alone; I hope some good lady will also *consider* my work with her bright eyes, and be amused with it, as well as yourself; and I know that ladies are very fond of reading of the heroines, and their friends, and their lovers, and all that. But indeed, dear madam, I never can stay long, for the life of me, in a *penserosa* style; so, if you please, I must say a little more on the subject of my predecessor, the author of "*Thinks I to Myself*."

But, as I said before, Charlotte Clarkson was not so clever as this sickly boy, who thought so much to himself; and yet she belonged to that sex which is generally

nerally thought more artful than the male; but this clever boy, who was *squeezed behind the book-case*, who was *sickly*, consequently not quite so forward as children of good health, for the sick child is often indulged with not being compelled to learn more than he wishes, is thus described, when company was ushered into the parlour of his mother, whom she did not wish to see—" *Thinks I to myself, she wishes you all at old nick !*"—(vol. 1st. page 13th). So it seems this *thoughtful* child, who was always in his *mother's* society, began already to know the different slang names given to the monarch of the infernal regions !

Let me quit, for a while, this subject, and from the parlour of *Grumblethorpe-hall*, take my flight to that of Mrs. Clarkson, and behold her seated at the breakfast table, seemingly wrapped up in high self-approbation; the lilac bow of her

morning cap stuck tastefully on one side, with a fashionable print of fashions lying beside her, on which she often bent her looks, while she sipped her tea; the Captain's wooden leg lying in a kind of horizontal position, to the annoyance of the black cat who sat on the hearth, while the old warrior was reading "*The Extraordinary Gazette*."

But it is not my intention to eke out this short work with more peurilities than I can possibly help; some readers are fond of minutiae, and I cannot help admiring the happy knack some authors have, when the head, I suppose, happens to be rather dull, and thoughts will not flow, he perhaps is tempted (indeed I need not say perhaps, for I have actually seen it,) to then fill up above half a page with a love sonnet, in which his attempt and invocation to the muse has failed, and kindly gives the reader also all the scratchings, yet so conveniently are the

words

words crossed, that every one is intelligible, as to the *words*, I mean. Then a little lower down he makes an evident display of his want of skill in marking out the lineaments of the human face divine, and forms a spider from a blot of ink, the blot serving for the body, and the length of the legs serving to fill up a good share of the page; such a *fac-simile* of a love sonnet with the above attempts at drawing, may serve extremely well as a recipe for book-making, in light compositions (“*Thinks I to Myself*,” vol. 1st. page 158). A great quantity, also, of one particular letter, such as the letter R. for instance, at the end of the word *dear*, may be made use of, with equal success, to fill up nearly an whole line, and rapturously serve also to explain the love of those who *think most to themselves*.

Now, as *I consider of it*, I had better look a little to my own faults; and see if

my invocations to my muse have been attended with that success, as not to make it requisite for me to make some scratches and blottings out ; I must, above all things, be very particular in minding that all my points and stops are properly placed, and that I have not been guilty of *grammatical* errors, an article which I know is much more attended to by some of our pedantic reviewers, than the wild and genuine beauty of an unshackled work. But, be as careful as ever I will, I am sure almost that my printer will make some blunder for me, and then the poor author is accused, whether guilty or not.

“ Martha,” said the Captain, “ you look full of business this morning.”—

“ Yes,” said she, “ I must go as far as Pimlico ; I think Lady Dorimon might have had the civility to have sent home my *ridicule* that I left in her *barouche*.” She had yet not explained to the Captain
all

all the business, with which her mind was occupied ; it was much more important than the scarlet velvet *ridicule* ; that contained but very little money, for Mrs. Clarkson was too prudent to take out much at a time.

When the breakfast things were removed, she took her situation on the opposite side of the fire-place to her father, and addressed him with, "I make no doubt, Sir, but what you will be very much surprised at what I am going to say, but as I do not think that Miss Clarkson's education is quite complete——"

"Miss who?" said the Captain interrupting her. "Why, my daughter, Miss Clarkson." "My good Martha, you never called her so before when we were alone ; it is very well before servants, but I never like to hear a mother among friends call her daughter Miss ; it looks as if she thought her other relations and friends took too great a freedom when
E 5 they

they addressed her by her christian name."

"Oh! my dear Sir," said Mrs. Clarkson, affectionately, "that could never possibly be the case when I addressed myself to you, her excellent grandfather; but, as I remarked before, I do not think that Charlotte's education is yet complete, and as I am inadequate to the task myself——" "Of course, interrupted Littlefame, "you mean to keep her sometime longer at school!"——"No, you will wonder, I am sure, but I mean to strain a point, and engage an accomplished governess for her at home; so that my girl may keep up her French and Italian; for you know," added she, rather in an humble conciliating kind of manner, perceiving the brow of her father becoming clouded, "the governess can sleep in the spare bed, there will be nothing but her salary, which I know I can manage very well to pay; and you
may

may depend upon it, that what will keep *three* at table will keep *four*."

"Martha," said the Captain, very gravely, "you know you told me last night that you had the best right to do as you pleased about your own child; but *consider* well, I beseech you, before you determine." "No, Sir," said she, somewhat abashed, "I wish always to consult with you before I resolve on any thing of importance; yet I thought it would please you to have her home, while at the same time she could keep going on with her education." "If I must speak my mind," replied the Captain, "I think she has quite education enough for a girl of her moderate fortune; but I expect Major Farrington here this evening to take a game at backgammon with we, you shall then hear his ideas on private education; and I am sure, if they carry with them the same conviction to your mind, as they did to mine, you will be tempted

to give up your present scheme." However, it is now time to close this chapter, and defer, for a while, the conversation on female education till another opportunity, as it is requisite for us to revert to the scarlet velvet *ridicule*, which was left by its owner, Mrs. Clarkson, in the barouche of Lady Dorimon.

CHAP. VI.

The Ridicule Opened.

WHEN Lady Dorimon was whirling homeward out of the park, she beheld the scarlet velvet *ridicule* belonging to Mrs. Clarkson, lying on the opposite seat of her carriage. She took it up, with a turned up lip, and a nose tossed higher than usual as the nostrils curled with distended scorn. - She then proceeded to the rummaging of its contents.

The first article which she seized hold of was a letter, folded up something in the form of a valentine. But do not think,

think, any of you among my youthful readers, that it was such a vulgar thing; or indeed if Mrs. Clarkson had really received such a tribute from any one of her cockney friends, I should fill my pages with either the long or short metre of such a *delectable* production; not even should it chance to contain the *correct* poetry of the valentine recorded in the second volume of *Thinks I to Myself*.

It was merely a school girl's way of doing up an affectionate and artless letter to her dear mother, from Charlotte Clarkson; and the moment Lady Dorimon arrived home, she shut herself up in her dressing-room, and, after much spelling, she at length whispered loudly to herself the following lines:

My dear Mother,

“ I hope you will not be angry at the chief subject of this letter; but first let me express the hope, that you and my
dear,

dear, dear grandfather are in good health, and enjoying your chearful fireside, by which I most sincerely wish that I could now make one.

“ Indeed, dear mamma, I am so tired of school, that, I hope, without being at all displeased with me for making the request, you will very soon take me away from it; Oh! what would I not now give to see Major Farrington only for a few minutes; I think, and yet I believe too, I never should have the courage, I could open my whole heart to him; and yet though I never feel afraid of him, I never can pluck up spirit to behave with that freedom to him that I can to every other friend, though he is so good and so very charming; but I feel so sure that he would try to persuade you, and dear grand-papa, to take me from school, that if I could get an opportunity, I do believe, I would try to make a friend of him.

“ My

“ My dear mamma, there are now no great girls here that I wish to associate with ; and my dear Valencia Mordaunt left school for ever last month ! I know you have my good always at heart, and my Valencia says she will introduce me, when I have quitted school, to all her great and elegant friends ; and which, I am sure, you will be convinced will be of great advantage to me ; and indeed I am so wretched since her departure, that I wander about during play-hours like an unhappy ghost. And now, I must tell you, dear mamma, an adventure which happened to me lately, and I am in consequence confined to the house, and I am sure my health will be very much injured by such confinement. ”

“ You know the little bit of garden my governess gave me, and which I was always so fond of cultivating, is close to the iron railings, which look into a part of the main road. Well, mamma, when my

my dear Valencia went away, it was my only comfort to walk about in this path alone, and think on her; and to drive away thought, I employed myself very much in my garden in digging and weeding it; when a gentleman thought proper, in the evenings when I was so employed, to stop his horse, and take a great deal of notice of me; his hat was so flapped, and his coat-cape buttoned so much over his face, I could never find out if I had ever seen him before or no; but I am sure I should know his horse any where in the world: it was a beautiful Arabian, of a dun colour, with white mane and tail——

“My son’s favourite horse, *mustafee*! as I live!” screamed out Lady Dorimon, when she came to this part of the letter.

“But now only think, mamma, my governess was close to me once, and he did not see her, as she stood on one side the railing; and he held a letter up to me,
and

and he stopped his horse, and was just going to give me the letter through the iron rails, when my governess came out, and gave him such a look, that he soon galloped off, letter and all. I thought my governess very cross and unkind—for how could I help the gentleman's behaviour? but she seized me by the arm, carried me up stairs, gave me a long French lesson to learn, and then an Italian exercise to write, which employed me till the bell rang for supper: it was too bad. And now she never suffers me to go into the garden for a walk without one of the teachers; and never lets me go near my own dear garden; and the crocusses and snow-drops were coming on so beautiful; and two little violets began just to peep out; and now, I dare say, they are all choaked up with weeds. Indeed, mamma, I am very unhappy, and I hope that you and dear grandpapa will take it into your *consideration* and let me soon

soon leave school. Pray, give my best respects to Major Farrington, and I hope he will speak a good word for me; but, no, do not say any thing about it; perhaps, he will think me very bold. Give my best and most affectionate duty to my grandfather; and believe me, my dear mother.

“Your ever dutiful daughter,

“CHARLOTTE CLARKSON.”

“P.S. I forgot to tell you, that Mr. Doran has called on me twice within this last fortnight; and once he asked my governess's leave to let me take a walk with him; she went herself with us, and he took us to a garden and treated us with tea and fruit. Dear mamma, he is as good-natured as he is handsome.”

Mrs. Clarkson admired the prudence of the governess, but had not the least idea, in consequence of her daughter's
letter

letter, nor either in the brilliant prospect of her introduction into high life, through the medium of Miss Mordaunt, of yet taking her Charlotte from school. The conversation she had with Lady Dorimon, however, had caused a complete revolution in her thoughts and determinations.

This letter, to the lady who now perused it, gave the most positive conviction of what she thought she had before found out; and she was almost choked with anger when she reflected that the best thing she could do was to endeavour as much as possible to bridle her resentment for fear she should render her spoilt child refractory if she should resort to any violent methods. She, therefore, sent off a servant to with Mrs. Clarkson's *ridicule*, but kept the letter, resolving to declare positively she had never seen it, if it should be enquired after. She then sent off the following elegant epistle to
the

the governess of the boarding-school at which Charlotte was placed——

“ *Madam,*

“ *I hopes you will excuse this letter, which cums to you from a perfect stranger ; for, God knows, I never had, nor never means to have, anny acquaintances among skool-missises, nor any of they kinde of folke ; but I beggs leve to informe you, that you has gott in yure skool a very hintregeing garl of the name of Miss Sharlotta Clarksun ; and I beggs you will be sure to keepe her inn ; for she has tried to sedoase my one sunne, who rydes oute to se her upon his butiful orse Mustify—which is a fine Rabian as ever you clept yere eyes upon, and costt him too hunderd pownds harde munny in good Spannish dollers ; and if the poore, dum beeste, Mustify, could speke, he could sware to the trooth of what you here I says. Iff you doesn't*
take

take care, *thatt hintregging slutt* will corroupt *yur hole skoole*. But what I writes this letter *cheefly forr*, is to tell you, that if a *yung gentilmann* should *kawl* upon her, with a *wery hansum face*, fresh *kullered*, and *darke bloo* eyes, and says *how* his name is Dorimon, *Pleese nott* to *lette* that *garl*, *Sharlotte Clarkson* se him. I *knows* you *knows* him; *becawse* he *tooked* you and her *oute wonst* and *treeted* you both with *froote* and *tee*.

“ From a *hingered Muther*.”

Now, poor Mrs. Clarkson, though delighted to receive back her *ridicule*, was truly distressed, on inspecting it, at the loss of her letter, particularly as she was certain it must be in the hands of Lady Dorimon. Mrs. Clarkson having just read it over, as she returned back to her parlour from having met the postman at the door, being herself habited ready for walking, and rather in a hurry, not, as
we

we said before, much heeding the contents, but meaning to write a kind answer to her daughter, and tell her she would "*consider of it !*"

On her application to Lady Dorimon, that lady told her she was *purdigiously* surprised that she should imagine she would be at the trouble of looking to see what her *reddicoole* had in it; and she ought not to take the liberty of even thinking she would do *sitch* a thing; she never, thank God, was a woman *as was* given to *curosimy* in all her born days. She could take her *davy* that she returned it just as she found it.

And Mrs. Clarkson, too, returned just as she went out, but feeling very fidgetty on the loss of her letter. She found her father in a serious and thoughtful mood; and she, herself, with all her wise plans, felt exceedingly silly; for to merit and obtain her father's good opinion and approbation, was the height, that is, I mean
to

to say, *almost* the height, of Mrs. Clarkson's ambition; whatever other ambitious views had now come across her mind, and implanted wishes there, which she thought she saw every prospect of having fulfilled; but yet they took their rise quite as much, and we might almost venture to affirm, even more on that dear parent's account, than merely for the elevation of her child—to see her dear father enriched, and triumphing over those who had once despised him for his poverty, to see him of that consequence in life which she knew he so well deserved to possess, was a golden dream she delighted to indulge in, and from which she never desired to be awakened till she found it realized.

Mrs. Clarkson had once liked the company and conversation of Major Farringdon above that of every other acquaintance; but her penetrating disposition had made her fancy that he liked her

her daughter more than friendship authorized ; and she set him down now, in her imagination, as the man who rode the dun coloured horse, with the white mane and tail. She well knew, that if he made proposals of an amatory kind to Charlotte, they would be of an illicit nature ; for the Major was one of the proudest beings, she always thought, under heaven ; and to marry into the family of a milliner he would have thought dreadful—he was for ever speaking against a certain nobleman who married a *coiffeuse*, and whose son inherited so much of the father's *bon gout*, as to fall in love with one of the same profession. And though the Major's wife was a beautiful woman, it was said he had been often heard to declare he never would have married her if she had not been a woman of good family and high connections, while rumour declared it was her large fortune alone which made him her husband.

Now Mrs. Clarkson imagined she had found out the reason of the Major's wishing her daughter to be kept longer at school, from whence he could easier seduce her than under a mother's eye; but the Major's principles were too excellent, he had no such dishonourable thoughts; and, if he had loved the amiable Charlotte as a lover, he would not have dared to acknowledge it even to himself; for though, notwithstanding her early age, she was formed to inspire passion both pure and ardent; yet not quite arrived at the age of sixteen, what was she to the Major but a child, who was already one and thirty?



CHAP. VII.

Conversation, &c.

MAJOR FARRINGTON did not arrive at Alsop's Buildings till after eight, when backgammon engaged him and his old friend, the Captain, till the hour of taking the last evening refreshment. As the Major walked to the sideboard to take a sandwich, and the Captain was mixing himself a glass of grog, the latter said, "Well, Farrington, do you recollect the conversation you and I had the other morning on female education?" "Perfectly well," replied the Major. "My daughter," resumed Littlefame,

"is now come to a final resolution of taking Charlotte from school." A flush, which seemed to betoken pleasure, glowed on the fine countenance of the Major. "Indeed!" said he, in a tone which alarmed Mrs. Clarkson; nor was she blind to a kind of animated joy which sparkled in the intelligent eyes of the handsome officer, and she mentally whispered, I shall take care of you.

There was an agitation in Farrington's manner, which many, less suspicious than Mrs. Clarkson, might have noticed; the Captain, whose back was towards him, did not see it; but Mrs. Clarkson, to whom every thing now had become highly important, and whom it behoved to be particularly watchful, had her former suspicions most forcibly confirmed, especially when the Major, with a kind of faltering in his voice, said, "I rode by the school the other day where Miss Clarkson is, and I had a great mind to call ;
only

only. I did not know well what to do with my horse, for I was without my servant."

"Pray, Sir," said Mrs. Clarkson, "what sort of a horse is your's?" "A most beautiful Arabian," replied the Major, as he was putting a lump of sugar into a glass rummer, and which fell with that noise, as it dropt from the tea-tongs, which prevented Mrs. Clarkson discovering any thing by the sound of his voice. "But, pray, Major," resumed she, "what colour is he?"—"Why, I don't know exactly what colour to call him," said Farrington, "he is a queer kind of equivocal colour, but a very fine creature." Ah! thought the suspicious and careful mother, so are you; but I believe you have more *equivocation* about you than your horse has.

"Nonsense! never mind the colour of the horse," said the Captain, "it's confounded cold to-night, draw the little Pembroke table close to me, Martha,

will you ? and we'll sit and take our wine or brandy and water by the fire." "A good notion," said the Major, and accordingly the *trio* sat down, each with very little idea of what was passing at that time in the breast of one and the other.

"I am going, Sir," said Mrs. Clarkson, addressing herself to Major Farrington, while he was preparing her a glass of negus, "to engage a governess to finish my Charlotte's education." "A governess!" echoed the Major. "Ah! I don't wonder you are surprised," said Littlefame, "for I am sure Charlotte has quite education enough for a girl in her sphere of life." "Surely," replied the Major, "for, though Miss Clarkson is not a prodigy of learning, yet you seldom see ladies so young as her so well informed as she is." "Yes, Sir," said Mrs. Clarkson, "but she may lose much of her present accomplishments when she comes home, and I wish her to gain more;

more ; for Miss Mordaunt, her particular friend, means to introduce her into the very first company."

"I know Mr. Mordaunt's family extremely well," said Farrington, "I often visit there ; and when your daughter was once home for the holidays, you told me you would never suffer her to go again to visit her friend Miss Mordaunt, on account of the haughtiness and arrogance of Mrs. Mordaunt, which rendered Miss Clarkson's visit very unpleasant."

"Oh ! but the case is altered now," said Mrs. Clarkson ; "you know, in the first place, Mrs. Mordaunt has been dead these ten months, and Lady Amelia Mordaunt presides in her brother's house, as mistress of it."

"All very true, my good lady, but have you *well considered* that Lady Amelia and Mr. Mordaunt, nor will I except the handsome Valencia, are all intolerably proud ? and though I should

always be happy to see Miss Clarkson in any company, for I am sure she would adorn it, but the Mordaunt's never visit or receive any but persons of the very first distinction, the ancientry of their house, and their large fortune, enabling them to keep such company; and even at their own parties, the Princes frequently make a part of their guests." "So much the better," said Mrs. Clarkson.— "Oh! madam, I have done," said the Major, with a supercilious bow, which rather disconcerted Mrs. Clarkson; for, as we said in the commencement of this work, Mrs. Clarkson was a woman of very quick feelings. She, however, rallied her spirits, and assumed a good humour she did not exactly feel, for she saw a look of surprise and displeasure on her father's visage, and indeed he was both astonished and vexed that she should oppose her opinion, in that kind of dictatorial way, against a man to whom before she had
ever

ever paid the most profound respect.—

“Come Farringdon,” said he, “tell us, sincerely, what you think of this scheme?”

“Ah! do, Sir,” said Mrs. Clarkson, with much conciliation. “Do you really desire me?” said the Major. “Assuredly, Sir,” replied the lady, fully resolved at the same time

“—— While she *heard* th’ advice,

“—— To *take* her own.”

“As to governesses,” said Farringdon, “the worst of it is, we never find an Englishwoman scarce after she is arrived at a certain age, educated well enough for the task; and I have frequently heard you, madam, blame those mothers who entrusted the care of their daughters to mere girls”——“And I am entirely of the same opinion still,” said Mrs. Clarkson, “I should wish a governess to be of the age of six and thirty or forty.” “Then, madam, you will not be able to find an Englishwoman capable

of finishing an education so well begun, and almost matured, as that of Miss Clarkson. Women, about twenty years ago, were educated in so different a manner to what they are now—I will not say it was better, but why should I say it was worse?" "O, no," said Mrs. Clarkson, "they were not half so accomplished formerly." "They had not, I grant you, so many *shewy* accomplishments," said the Major, "not so much of foreign politeness which is now taught them by the accomplished strangers of the Continent."

"And yet I hope," said the Captain, with some anxiety, "that my daughter will always prefer the too often starving genius of our own country in this her present plan." "Certainly," said Mrs. Clarkson, "but if I cannot get an Englishwoman accomplished enough, or that has not seen enough of fashionable life, to teach her how to behave in the first company,

company, I shall certainly engage either a Frenchwoman or an Italian."

"Oh!" said Littlefame, rising, and thumping his wooden leg on the ground as he rose, "that I was but in my own house, and I would then protest solemnly against any foreign governess having any thing to do in the education of my darling little Charlotte."

"And are you not now in your own house?" said Mrs. Clarkson, affectionately, the tear starting to her eye; "you are entitled, dear Sir, not only to speak your wishes, but to command here." "Dear Major," resumed the Captain, "do endeavour to convince this misguided woman—what she has in her head, Heaven only knows!"

"What is it, my dear madam," said Farrington, "that you wish this accomplished governess to teach Miss Clarkson?" "The graces, Sir," replied she; "what girls never learn at school, but

which are essentially requisite when they mix in genteel company. I wish her also to form her mind, and give her notions of elegance and delicacy ; girls get such a romping, awkward manner, at school."

" You wish to have her mind formed !" said the Major, " Ah ! who so proper for that interesting task as a mother ?" " No, my good Sir," said Mrs. Clarkson, " I am conscious of my own inability ; besides, you know, Sir, the situation of life I was long in must have rendered me totally unfit for such an office."

" It is a delicate subject to speak on," said Major Farrington, " and had you not mentioned it yourself, I should not now—pardon me, dear madam, and do not think that, for worlds I would hurt your feelings in the smallest degree ; but as you were left easy in your circumstances, and by the acquisition of sudden good fortune, rendered comparatively rich, you bestowed on Miss Clarkson an
excellent

excellent education—you did right ; but, pardon me, the world, especially the great world, will still remember your former situation, and many will even think, that Miss Clarkson is already too accomplished for a young lady of her fortune.”

“ But I have very great views for my daughter ; these I shall at present keep entirely to myself, and a governess she certainly must have, for one twelve-month.”——“ A foreigner, too ?”——

“ Certainly, if I cannot procure an English lady accomplished enough. Dear father, I ask your pardon, I make no doubt but what I shall meet with an English lady—I cannot say I am over fond of the free principles of some Frenchwomen.”

“ Why, no,” said the Major, “ if you wish her to take the bent of her mind from such principles as Frenchwomen not only possess, but too often inculcate in the minds of their fair pupils. We
know

know how slightly the lively Gallic ladies regard all matrimonial ties, which good principles ever consider as the most sacred of all. And do not all young girls show a predilection for reading novels and romances? therefore, to form the mind of her pupil, Madame will very good naturedly, procure for her all the love breathing, unshackled romances which France has produced; from the *Eloise of Rousseau*, to the *Delphine of Madame de Staël*, and perhaps will not scruple to put into her hands the more loose and easy writings of the licentious and immoral *Louvet*! — “Horrible!” exclaimed the Captain.

“And yet,” said the Major, “the picture is not too highly coloured; would to Heaven it were! But such are the beings to whom the education of children belonging to the first people in the land is entrusted; I speak not of French teachers alone; does the soft Italian
give

give a young lady *better* lessons, or does she deem any thing illicit which power and riches can procure? Does the teacher of the German language, without the knowledge of which no woman of quality can be deemed accomplished—does he, in the light reading which he puts into the hands of his pupil, recommend much else than those sophistical kind of works with which German literature abounds? The elegance, the delusiveness of some of these enchanting German writers are known at present but to a few; they are, however, rapidly and widely disseminating; and, though many of our youth, both males and females, are not quite infidels, they seem to bid fair at becoming such."

Mrs. Clarkson seemed wrapped in profound attention; the Captain mixed himself another glass of grog, and the Major taking Mrs. Clarkson's unreluctant hand, said, "Now do, my dear madam, *con-*
der

der well of it; for what does Miss Clarkson want to be taught? why divest her of that sweet simplicity, which," added he with a deep sigh, "renders her now so captivating and irresistible?" Mrs. Clarkson drew away her hand and looked grave. "In what do the present modish graces consist? our young women are little better than singing or dancing girls, novel readers, scribblers upon *birds, fishes, and butterflies*, noble shoemakers, gentlewomen turners, and picture-framers!"

The clock now sounding the midnight hour, he rose to take his departure.—

"Will you now," said he, as he again shook hands with Mrs. Clarkson, "will you now *consider* of what I have been saying?" "Oh! Sir," replied she, "you may fully depend upon it, *I'll consider of it.*"

CHAP. VIII.

A new Character.

“ HAIL, land of plenty, comfort and ease ! Hail, land of true liberty, of bravery, munificence, and honour ! Here benevolence and wealth walk hand and hand, dispensing their blessings to industry and indigence ! I hail thee, England, as again I touch thy hospitable shores, after my long exile from thee, my native country ! ”

Such was the effusion of an enthusiastic young man, as he paced, with an old
sickly

sickly gentleman, the quarter deck of an East Indiamen, and beheld the white cliffs of prosperous Albion. An insatiable thirst after riches in his only parent, a father, had driven him from Britain, and the ill health of that, now dying father, with a full accumulation of the gifts of Plutus, had brought him back at the age of three and twenty, after an absence of twelve years.

How, like a froward child, which strays from home, and meets perplexity and danger only in its truant path, are we delighted to return to the maternal bosom which offers to us rest, indulgence, and repose! The old gentleman could hardly forbear uniting in the energetic exclamation of his son; and, O England! art not thou indeed, alone, the land of true liberty, munificence, and honour!

But not only thy own wandering sons are delighted to return to this their much loved home, but the stranger, O England; the

the proscribed, the fatherless, and friendless, become thy children! Beneficent mother of the whole world, thou invitest, with unostentatious philanthropy, every child of misfortune, want, and distress, and nourishest them at thy friendly bosom, and, like the pelican, thy life-blood is often drained to satisfy thy ungrateful offspring, who, viper-like, will some of them seek to prey on the vitals of their parent country, and one only such rebellious child is worse than an host of open foes.

Yet, in spite of all the attacks of open war or intestine commotions, exhaustless seem thy riches, unrivalled thy commerce; and, if there is a land peculiarly blest by Providence, that land is England.

To return to my travellers:—scarce was the old gentleman established in his magnificent house in Portman-square, which was adorned with all the grandeur
and

and luxury of oriental splendour, when he breathed his last in the arms of his only son, leaving him in full and undisputed possession of his immense, and too fondly beloved riches.

As he pressed the hand of the youthful Henry, he uttered, in feeble and faltering accents, "O, my child, let this hand deal out to those who want, a portion of those riches thy misguided parent has too eagerly sought after and cherished; and, Oh, may those whom I have oppressed, or despised, cease to execrate my memory, and forgive me with that mercy, which I trust I shall obtain at the bar of the Almighty!"

Must I lose, thought Henry, my parent, at the very moment he is sensible of his errors—at the very moment when he amiably approves what he has so often checked—that ardent desire I have ever evinced to be of use to my fellow-creatures! to diffuse the smile of satisfied content

content over the face of the indigent, blunt the weapons of oppression, and please myself best in disseminating those riches, which could never be given us except to circulate amongst the rest of mankind!——“My father!” exclaimed he, “Alas, he hears me not!——my father is no more!”

I shall not trouble my readers with the uninteresting detail of lawyers reading wills, nor the exact sum that Henry Denbigh gave to the proving his father's will, because that is one of our well known imposts—but I beg leave to slip over the magnificent funeral, the journey of Henry to Bath, Cheltenham, the Lakes, *etc. etc. etc.*; I shall set him down again in Portman-square, about an year and an half before Mrs. Clarkson's fluctuating plans of education had floated in her mind, and thinking within himself that, amongst all his riches, and with the most cheerful heart in the world to enjoy them, the ut-
most

most propensity to lavish them, a fine person, and an happy temper, he yet wanted one blessing, and that was a good wife.

He had formed an intimacy with the Mordaunt's family; he greatly admired the beauty and spirit of Valencia, and her father and aunt ardently hoped it would be a match; but Denbigh was not a man to please the taste of Valencia; she was an admirer of fair men, with light hair and eyes; the beautiful bronze which the climate of India had imparted to the fine clear complexion of Henry, and his dark sparkling eye, with its glossy fringe of the same colour, she looked upon as so many defects in a figure uncommonly fine and interesting.

Denbigh fancied, without any *consideration*, for he was rather apt to be *inconsiderate*, that he was quite in love with Valencia Mordaunt; but, as he was crossing South Audley-street, one afternoon,

noon, about five o'clock, he saw one of the prettiest creatures, to his fancy, that he ever beheld; he heard her speak to the lady who was with her, and the silver tones of her voice penetrated his heart. A carriage driving with rapidity, had well nigh wheeled over the lovely girl—he was time enough to save her, and he pressed her to his bosom the sweetest form in Heaven's own workmanship.

The young lady thanked him, with a tremulous modesty, and an artless diffidence, which however it might speak to the heart of a young man of lively imagination and ardent passions, did not at all evince the high bred lady of fashion.

As Henry walked along, his fond recollection saw nothing but the lovely girl he had rescued; but this recollection diminished by degrees at every other pretty face he met; he lounged on, then, till he came to the Hindostan coffee-house; he dined on a high seasoned dish of
curry,

curry, and smoked away the remembrance of his morning's adventure in a hookha.

But, after this rencontre, his manners grew more cool to his heretofore much admired Valencia, and his visits to her father's less frequent; and, though the vanity of Valencia might receive rather a shock at first, at any kind of neglect, however slight, from one who was so much the fashion, and so handsome a man as the gay East Indian was universally allowed to be, by every body but herself, she yet began to hope he would never seriously aspire to her hand, and that she might be left at liberty to choose for herself.

What pity is it, so many ladies, as well as Valencia Mordaunt, are so truly blind to native and intrinsic worth! Henry Denbigh, with all his errors, with a strong predominancy of extravagance in his disposition, yet appeared amongst many of the fops of high birth and fashion, who
fluttered

flattered round the fair Valencia, like a bright jewel dropt by accident amongst an heap of fashionable unintrinsic articles. He was a young man of erudition, and possessed of a love of science; how shocked then, has he often been to see, when such an extraordinary being as a learned nobleman, who had sedulously endeavoured to improve himself in every branch of science, that he was always shunned by his cotemporaries in wealth and honours as a *formal quizz*!

How bounded is all human wisdom, and how liable to error the opinions of man! Poor Henry, whether he had received his creed from some of the Indian Bramins, or whether the kind humanity of his nature, which assured him that all animals can feel pain, and how cruel it is to inflict that pain, or from whatever cause, for Henry was old fashioned enough to be a good christian, yet he firmly believed in that part of Hindoo doctrine,

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doctrine, Transmigration—at least so he pretended to believe.

Mr. Mordaunt, who would have absolutely expired with horror if he had imagined that his great and noble soul would ever occupy as its mansion the body of a brute, did all in his power to convince Mr. Denbigh of the fallacy of his system; indeed he made such long speeches on the subject, and studied for them so many tropes and figures, to do away this shocking prejudice in the mind of him whom he had destined to be his son-in-law, that he had quite neglected to pen speeches to lay in his hat, on the Catholic question, and other interesting subjects, and became a mere yes or no cypher in the House of Commons.

“Will you, my dear fellow,” he would say, “degrade and vilify human nature so much as to imagine it shall ever descend to the brute?” “I do not vilify it,” replied Denbigh, “I speak of the pure essence

sence of the soul, which can never be vilified by the dwelling in which it resides, but as acting with the body, it may participate in its sin ; so it must pass through different degrees of being, as a compensation of its errors. I am sure there is a vital spark, which Heaven bestowed and Heaven derived, no mortal power can be able to extinguish ; this divine fire, which fable records to have been stolen from Jove to animate the men of Prometheus, may seem, by the cruel hand of man, to be quenched in the blood he sheds ; but he is deceived ; the bright spirit wings its flight to animate a newly formed mass of earth, and as the clay seems to quicken into life, it is then that the breath, which, to the eye of the unbeliever, seems to evaporate for ever, is gently and imperceptibly wafted (according to my own settled opinion) into various beings of creation.

“ Where shall we find a more virtuous people than the Bramins, who have for

ages embraced this system, and which expressly inculcated the belief, that we shall certainly inhabit those bodies which compose the "lower world." Speech is mercifully withheld from them; nor rather that mercy is bestowed upon man, through them, that he may not be doomed to know what one day it will be his lot to endure, and thus find his present existence embittered; yet memory, surely, remains with deep thought and reflection amidst these various changes, and these actuate the animal's faculties; and which man, in the full pride of superior strength and reason, calls, in them, instinct only."

"I think," said Mr. Mordaunt, one day when Henry was arguing with great warmth on this, his favourite system, "that your opinion is shockingly inconsistent with every principle of christianity."

"Pardon me, Sir," said Henry, "christianity teaches us rather a belief in what
what

what I so firmly give credence to. Was not the evil spirit cast into an herd of swine? and when those swine rushed down the deep and perished in the waters, could a spirit, endowed with immortality, from the beginning, perish also?

“Remark only, a kind of presaging foresight in the dog: how many are indebted for their personal safety to his prophetic instinct! and which often turns away his master from following some favourite pursuit, which might lead to his ruin, or wakes him from a sound and almost death-like sleep in the hour of severe and threatened danger! he, watchful animal, sees the storm at a distance, and often, while the thoughtless master of the little skiff sleeps unconcerned, his vigilant care preserves the vessel from dashing against the pointed rock by the clamour of his barking, which awakens the slumbering mariners.”

In vain the enthusiastic Henry might

argue; how was it possible to convert so proud a man as Mr. Mordaunt to so humiliating a doctrine! The present system of Henry Denbigh was also not likely to continue through maturity; it was one exactly calculated to take place in a glowing imagination and a merciful heart; and it is one by no means unreasonable; and the sagacity of the horse, the proverbial fidelity of the dog, and several instances of memory in all the brute creation, are almost sufficient to stagger human opinion, however long fixed, and render us almost ready to embrace the Bramin's creed.



CHAP. IX.

Disappointed Admirers.

LADY DORIMON was a woman who affected a great deal of attachment to one particular female friend ; and she really did love Mrs. Clarkson better than any woman she knew ; she was conscious that she had no real pretence of breaking off their acquaintance, though she resolved not to be so very intimate with her as formerly, and to do all in her power to prevent her son from carrying on his ar-

mour, as she called it, with the innocent Charlotte.

There was a party, which met about once a year at Sir Philip Dorimon's, of which Captain Littlefame and his daughter always formed a part; Charlotte generally was brought home that day from school to be present also.

Sir Philip, about whom there was a great deal of *bon hommie*, was continually reminding his lady, the week before, to send a card of invitation to the old Captain and his daughter. "*Lawk!*" said his lady, 'how you *teases* me, Sir Philip. I *doesn't* know whether I shall have room for them. Mr. and Miss Scrimp will be here; and, not only they, but their rich friend, Mr. Caseknife; and you *knows*, the Captain is a shocking extravagant old *feller*, and he detests all stinginess; and you *knows* Mr. Scrimp is a very *conomi-cal* man, and that Mr. Caseknife is certainly no more nor no less than a down-right

right miser; and I *doesh't* want to see my rich friends insulted by nobody knows who." "What, then," said the knight, rather angrily, "don't you mean to invite

Captain Littlefame and his family? I'll go myself, this morning, and ask them."

"*Vell, vell,*" replied the lady, "*I'll consider of it*; there *isn't* no occasion to be in *such* a hurry."

Lady Dorimon, like many other vulgar and ignorant women, had a great deal of low cunning in her composition, and did not mind at all telling that little convenient falsehood, called a *white* lie, as may already have been seen in the case of the letter. She, therefore, when Sir Philip returned to Pimlico, from Watling-street, to his six o'clock dinner, informed him she had sent a card to Mrs. Clarkson and her father, but wanting the servants at home, she had conveyed it by the two-penny post; and at five o'clock on the day her party was to meet, she

dashed along in her carriage to Mrs. Clarkson, and, after some general remarks, she rose to take her leave, saying, " *Vell*, we shall see you and the Captain this evening, of course."

" This evening ! my lady," said Mrs. Clarkson.

" *Lawk !* yes ; *why*, didn't you receive my letter almost a *veek ago*ne ?" This, of course, was replied to in the negative, for no such letter had ever been sent.

" *Lawk !* how sorry I am ! but *sarvants* are *railly* so careless !"

Yet, hold ! let me not, through the mouth of Lady Dorimon, continue my remarks on *servants* ; because, as their merits and demerits might take up a larger field than I wish to let them keep possession of, I might be tempted, like the author of "*Thinks I to Myself*," to take up several pages about a race of untaught beings, whose subordination to their fellow mortals, is certainly an infiction

fiction in itself. Let us ever reflect, that "where *little* is given, *little* will be required."

"*Vell*, but I hopes," continued Lady Dorimon, "you *isn't* engaged, you and the Captain; for you must know it's the old party, *as you allays meets*."

"Oh! certainly, my lady," said both father and daughter, "we will do ourselves the honour of waiting on you."

"*Vell*, only think how lucky it was *as I called*," said her ladyship, "else I shouldn't have had the pleasure of your company; and, now I *consider of it*, it's too late to send for Miss *Sharlotte* from school—*vell*, we must have her another time. *Adoo, adoo*, Captain."

That his dear Charlotte could not partake of the pleasures of this evening, vexed the fond grandfather more than any thing. There were always a few most agreeable people among this party, who were acquainted intimately with both the

Dorimon and Littlefame families, and with Major Farrington, who never missed going ; and it was the pleasantest evening that the worthy veteran and his family ever past at Sir Philip Dorimon's. The young people had a little dance ; sat down afterwards to an excellent supper, and then frequently danced again till day-light.

When the Captain and his daughter entered Lady Dorimon's drawing-room, without their lovely and beloved Charlotte, young Dorimon looked very blank ; when he heard she was not coming, his countenance instantly became flushed with rage, anger, and disappointment.— He walked up to his mother, who was bestowing a deceitful welcome on her worthy guests, and said, “ I hope our friends will excuse me for a few hours, I shall be back to supper, but I am under an indispensable engagement to attend a party of friends to the Opera.” “ *Why, it's not*
hopperar

hopperar night," said Lady Dorimon.—

"I mean the English Opera," said her son, rather embarrassed. "*Vhy*, bless my soul! George, it's very strange *as you goes* to the *hopperar*, *when I has* my friendly party! and there's Miss Scrimp, too, *a coming*!"——"Devil take Miss Scrimp!" said the spoil'd child, very impolitely. Mrs. Clarkson simpered, exultingly drew up her head, and young Dorimon immediately quitted the house.

Mrs. Clarkson was doomed to do penance at a whist table for above two hours. Major Farringdon, who had joined a party of Cassino, stept up to her relief, with old Scrimp, saying, "I am sure this gentleman will relieve you, after this rubber is over, for I see that you, as well as myself, are completely fatigued with throwing about the party-coloured scraps, which have it in their majestic power to form so large a portion of modern amusement."

Major

Major Farrington had been extremely grave and *distract* all the evening; Mr. Scrimp sat down in the place of Mrs. Clarkson, declaring he never would play for more than sixpence the corner; for all he liked a game at *whisk* better *nor* any other in the world. Mr. Scrimp was very rich; his word, therefore, was a law; though the little scrivener, who made one at the table, and who was constantly a winner, had reckoned much on that accustomed luck, when Mr. Scrimp first took his seat at the card-table.

As Major Farrington led Mrs. Clarkson to her seat, he said, "Why is not Miss Clarkson here to-night?" Mrs. Clarkson explained. "I don't believe," said Farrington, with more impetuosity than was usual in his manner, "that Lady Dorimon ever sent a letter to you; I think she neglected to invite you in proper time, and so conveniently called to save her credit; and, by inventing a falsehood,

falsehood, she fancied she could impose upon your good nature. But, I do assure you, if I had thought Miss Clarkson would not have been here this evening, I should not have come."

"That is speaking very plain; indeed, Sir," said Mrs. Clarkson, colouring, and fanning herself.

"Perhaps you think more *plain* than *polite*," returned the Major; "but I beg you will not take it in that light; I am certainly happy to meet you and my excellent veteran friend any where; yet I own I enjoy your company much more by your friendly fire-side, than here; and as I have it in my power often to gratify myself in that way, I need not seek you in a crowd—particularly less here, as I am not very fond of either father or mother; and, as to the son, he has to me such a repellant quality, when it takes root in the mind of a young man, I cannot endure him."

Jealous,

Jealous, as I live! thought Mrs. Clarkson. "What is that, Sir?" said she aloud; "I think him very handsome, extremely good natured, and amiable."

"Handsome, he certainly is," said the Major, "he can make himself extremely amiable, but if either his good nature or his amiability should interfere with the concerns of his purse, farewell to both."

Ah! thought Mrs. Clarkson, and family pride is quite as bad as the love of money.

The Major, after a pause, prefaced his next utterance with a sigh, "I seldom dance," said he, "but I had fully intended to have solicited the favour of Miss Clarkson's hand this evening; she is the most delightful female dancer I ever saw; for she unites elegance, agility, and modesty. I called on you, before I came here, resolving to be before-hand with any one, especially as the last ball Lady Dorimon gave, her money loving, hopeful

ful son engrossed the hand of Miss Clarkson the whole evening ; and, I think, I have equal right to it, in the dance, as he can have. I was sadly disappointed to find you were gone only five minutes before, but still more so, to find when I came here, that the little fairy whom I wished to make my partner in the revels, this evening, was not with you."

Mrs. Clarkson could scarce collect the various thoughts and ideas which crowded together, one after the other in her busy mind. She was certain, however, that the Major had designs upon her daughter ; and that she, herself, as a prudent and watchful mother, must be very careful in employing her utmost vigilance to prevent these *nefarious* designs, for such, she doubted not, but they were.

At about two in the morning Mr. Dorimon entered, his silk stockings completely splashed with mud, his hair in disorder, and the whole man in a state of ill-tempered

tempered inebriation. He severely took his mother to task for not inviting Miss Clarkson in time, and most audibly declared, in the hearing even of the lady herself concerned, that he would now dance with the ugliest woman in the room, and accordingly handed out Miss Scrimp, whom he spitefully dragged about, put every one out in the figure of the dance, and then sat down, swearing he was too much fatigued to undertake another.

CHAP. X.

Characters and Conversation.

"GRACIOUS Heaven!" exclaimed Mrs. Clarkson, starting from her reverie, and earnestly addressing Major Farrington, "how did that man gain admission here? See, he is now whispering Mr Scrimp; I never saw any beggar scarce who was worse clad, nor who could bear more evident marks of famine, poverty, and wretchedness."

"And yet, I dare say," replied the Major, "that man, who bears such outward marks of poverty, is, next to Sir Philip

Philip Donimon, the richest individual in this apartment. Why, that is old Case-knife, of whom I am sure you must have heard, and whose name once made such a noise. Do not you recollect my one day giving you a magazine to read, wherein was recorded an account of a woman who had bound an old gentleman in a chair to make him sign a bond in her favour; and where she not only bound him so that he could not stir hand nor foot, but even put him in *danger*, as well as *fear*, of his life; and for which action she was afterwards executed?"

"I recollect now," said Mrs. Clarkson.

"Aye, and that is the very man," resumed the Major, "whose life is prolonged for, no doubt, some wise purpose which we cannot foresee; as to his enjoying it, that is impossible; he is employed only in accumulating and hoarding up wealth, and denies himself every comfort, and indeed almost every necessary of life.

I am told he has, at this time, above three hundred thousand pounds in the bank, and no child nor relation living, I believe, to bequeath it to. Look at him; does he appear to be really worth three *pence* in the world?"

And what a being now wandered about, amidst a crowd of fine ladies and gentlemen—the former adorned with extreme taste, expence, and splendour, the latter fashionably negligent, yet equally extravagant in their attire, and thoughtlessly betting enormous sums at the different card-tables; Caseknife shuddered with horror at their actions, and calculated the sums which were expended on their dresses, in the earnest wish that he could transfer them to his stock; feeling totally unconcerned about his own wretched and squalid appearance, comforting himself that he could go home, ruminate on not only what he had in that precious place of security, the bank, but also on what a few

few valuable and close shut coffers contained in his miserable home ; money also concealed in that chimney, which never knew a fire, amidst cobwebs and filth ; guineas rolled up in rags, hid behind a few mouldy volumes on shelves, and shillings, halfpence, and humble farthings, in an old broken coffee-pot, on the top of a crazy corner cupboard ! while he now looked round him, and durst venture to affirm, in his own mind, that excepting Sir Philip Dorimon, his son, and his dear friend, Mr. Scrimp, there was scarce one man, in the present company, but what was as poor as a rat, or over head and ears in debt.

Mr. Scrimp and old Caseknife had become inseparable within a few months ; for the wax and tallow chandler firmly believing he had no heir-at-law, was in hopes he might make a clause in his will, in either his favour, or in that of his darling daughter, and thus make them heirs
to

to a part, if not an whole, of this accumulated and increasing property.

Scrimp was mean to excess, and doted upon money; and, though he gave into the pleasures of life, in an economical way, and often saw company for the sake of finding a rich husband to take his daughter off his hands, and to increase his own connexions in trade; yet Caseknife found in him a congenial soul; and they cordially agreed in one most essential point, namely, that money is the greatest of all earthly good; and Scrimp, to gain some of the sordid trash belonging to this miserable wretch, carried him about with him wherever he could take the liberty, and affected to be enthusiastically fond of him. Oh! where is the being to be found who is deaf to the voice of flattery?

The immense riches of Caseknife, and his want of heirs now becoming universally known, all the money loving merchants

cients were actuated by the same hopes and wishes as Mr. Scrimp, to flatter, cajole, and pay their court to this unhappy being, who

“Starv’d, and yet who durst not eat.”

They, therefore, were not only blind to, but absolutely appeared to admire his old worsted stockings, darned with different colours, his *Josephian* coat, patched in the same motley manner, his shoes full of nails, and tied with leather, his shirt of coarsest texture, washed but seldom, and then by his own hands, and his hat of rusty brown, greasy, and cracked, which he had worn for thirteen years!

The anxiety of his penurious mind was seated on his contracted brow; and famine seemed to feed on his sallow and hollow cheek; he was old, but his eye was dull and languid, more by continual watchings than age—for avarice is always
its

its own tormentor : and, while he thought that gold alone merited his exertions, so he thought it was the possession or privation of that destructive metal, which distinguished one man from another, and that kings were only powerful in proportion as they were rich ; in short, he meditated on no other maxim in the world but this—*Money is the best friend we can boast.*

Of all miserable beings I have considered, I find a miser the most wretched ; his mind is narrow, his heart is cold, and he can never distinguish the various colours which paint generosity, benevolence, and feeling ! and how can imagination be awakened, which only dwells with delight on the *yellow* of metal ?

Covetousness renders man unjust, and meanness disposes him to cruelty : thus Caseknife rejoiced in the execution of the wretched female who sought to terrify him out of a sum of money, and more

than ever gave himself up to the inordinate love of riches. Miserable wretch! how sleepless were his nights, in his plans to acquire new treasures! he began to deprive himself of the common necessities of life, and his ruling passion became his executioner.

Now despised, abandoned, and alone in the world, degraded, and pitied by no one, eternal care gnaws his bosom, and his sole pleasure is in daily counting over his pieces of gold, and in shutting them up under a strong and treble lock; but this pleasure is bitterly annoyed: if he hears the slightest noise, his old knees tremble with horror; ten times will he search round the room, and look under his bed for the midnight ruffian, whom he fancies may be concealed there.

Too much of this—"Have you seen," said a lady, addressing a gentleman on the opposite side of the room, "the new star from the East?" "Why, *lawk*!" says
Lady

Lady Dorimon, "I've heard of no new star since the *Comet*: and that's an old story now." "Devilish good! devilish fair, upon my soul!" said a young dashing city buck, whose *elegance* was much admired by the homely Miss Scrimp.— "Hang me," added he, clapping his hand on the shoulder of Sir Philip, "if you arn't a happy dog—with a wife as witty as she is charming."

"Why," said the knight, "Molly's very well in her person—but, as to wit, I cannot say too much about that."

"Ah! *vell*," said Lady Dorimon, "it makes good what my poor mother *always* used to say, that *ater* one comes to be a WIFE, one is soon thought nothing of; now, all the *world*; but Sir Philip, says I *has wit*."

"But your ladyship mistook me about the *star*," said the young lady who had before spoken, and who was the lively daughter of a gentleman at the west end

of the town; "I was not speaking of bodies celestial, but of a body merely terrestrial—a brilliant star in *fashion's* hemisphere, only."

Lady Dorimon was now poz'd, and thought she had better only give a shrug and a sneer, and be silent, least she might chance to display her *soi-disant* wit, *mal a-propos*; and to ask the young lady what she meant, would never do.

"I know who you mean, very well," said Major Farringdon.

"Who she means?" said Lady Dorimon, "Oh, pray tell us, then, for I suppose it's one *as wears* a star and garter."

"Not elevated to that honour," said Farringdon, "but he is one who is rich enough to purchase half the stars and garters in the kingdom. A gay, handsome, elegant, East Indian, whose name it is at present no use to tell you."

"Is he rich?" interrupted old Case-knife.

"Ay,

“Ay, as a very Jew ;” replied Major Farrington ; “ but he will not serve your turn, for he has an heart to give to all who need ; health, strength, and spirits to enjoy pleasure, and which he courts in every elegant form : he has the manners of a prince, and as his *fortune* is likewise princely, he is resolved to make a pleasant use of the bounty of Heaven ; and as to money for itself alone, I believe he never knows, when he gives away a trifle to a poor creature, whether he bestows, as he carelessly walks along, an half-guinea or an eighteen penny piece, for I am sure he never looks at the dirty trash.”

Caseknife here gave such a heavy groan, that some of the company thought he was fainting ; and the young lady, and Major Farrington, both rose, with a degree of quizzical affected anxiety, and said, they hoped the gentleman was not ill.

“ No farther,” said Caseknife, “ than

that I feel deeply shocked at that gentleman for calling money *dirty trash*; and at the prodigality of the young East Indian in being so careless of such treasure. How can you, Sir, support such extravagance?"

"I do not support it, Sir, by any means," replied Farrington, "I only praise the amiability and generosity of a fine young man, who is most prepossessing to all who know him; but who is very far from perfect, and who must do something more than he has yet done to gain the sincere affections of my heart; at present, I only *admire* him, though I feel very much inclined to love him as a friend; and yet I can assure you, Mr. Caseknife, I look upon his extravagance as a fault, so far from defending it. Economy I have ever regarded as a virtue, and it is one, without doubt; but is it not carrying it too far to renounce the world, and every innocent pleasure? Is it not becoming

becoming one's own enemy to be always in dread of the future, as if we thought a famine was going to overspread all Europe? and, I say," added he, fixing his eyes on Mr. Scripps and his friend Case-knife, "that the man who makes himself a miserable wretch, with every means in his power to be happy, and starves himself in the midst of plenty, ought to be banished from all society."

But neither the severity of the look which Major Barrington darted on the old miser, nor the sentences which accompanied the look, could move his adamantive heart—no, he was become careless of all contempt.

O avarice! base and sordid passion thou art, in the breast of age unconquerable; the heart then becomes arid, and is a collosity only, which is hardened for ever!

But lest we should be thought, by the lively reader, to be getting too prosing,

a stop must be speedily put to this chapter. I must beg leave, however, just to remark, that the dancing was very flat and uninteresting; *more* than *one* was disappointed by the absence of Charlotte Clarkson, and the above conversation and remarks took place long before six in the morning.

CHAP. XI.

Heterogeneous Dialogue.

"IT is a very extraordinary circumstance," said Mr. Mordaunt one day to Henry Denbigh, "that the royal arms of England, at the London hotel in St. John's street, in Caen, in Normandy, stood safe when every thing bearing the least vestige of royalty went to wreck during the revolutionary anarchy, and in the year 1802, I saw them yet stand entire."

"Happy presage!" cried the energetic Henry, "ought not the brave and virtuous English to exult? what you have

just told me, seems to say' that our arms shall yet prevail over desolating France."

"Ah!" said Mr. Mordaunt, "you are always so much in *alt*—come, a truce to your heroics; and tell me what sort of a passage you had from India?"

"Two rich Nabobs, Sir," replied Henry, "and their suite, my poor father making a third: an actress, a rich widow, and a Calcutta lawyer."

"Oh! I did not ask for a list of the passengers," said Mr. Mordaunt, "but what sort of a passage had you?"

"Oh! excellent, till we took in a drunken pilot, who made us encounter severer perils than any we had met with since we quitted India; through his *mal adresse* we were in imminent danger of our lives; and the shrieks of the ladies, the whinings, yappings; and howlings of a dog or two, and the jabbering of the Captain's monkey, made a concert very far from harmonic."

"Oh,

"Oh, what a rattle!" said Mr. Mordaunt, "do you never, my dear Denbigh, mean to be serious? why, if you go on thus, you will never be a candidate for matrimony—come, I think it's time you began to think of a wife!"

"A wife! O Heavens! there's rapture in the very name: O grant me, Heavenly powers! a fair face and form, a sweet temper, and affectionate heart, let all these be united to form that angel woman, and Henry Denbigh becomes a benedick immediately."

"My daughter, Valencia, is a fine girl, is not she?"——

———"Extremely so; but her eyes remind me of those of the Hindoo women."

"They are reckoned beautiful, Mr. Denbigh?"

"Very much so; so are the Hindoos; you will scarce ever find a more beautiful race of females; but their eyes are very

large, and so black, you cannot see the sight distinct from the ball."

"Humph! Valencia is finely shaped!——"

"Very much so for an European; but the Gentoos, and indeed all the Asiatics, have that voluptuous symmetry of form, that enchanting feminine height, which approaches not to tallness, yet is not too short, and ever preserves the slim, though plump appearance of the girl. I saw such a form," added he, with a sigh, "the very first and last of the kind I have seen since I have been in England."

Mr. Mordaunt looked very serious; this was by no means the fine commanding figure of his daughter. "You are not steady enough yet for marriage," said he, after a long pause, doubtingly and anxiously.

"No, I believe not," said Henry, "I had better *consider of it* a little," and this
he

he uttered with the most provoking indifference, "and I must see whether another trip over the sea will not steady me a little by the time I again set my foot on the shore of dear old England."

"You are surely not going to quit England?" said Mr. Mordaunt, terrified least this oriental prize should slip through his fingers.

"O no, only to the Madeiras for a few months. I was looking over some papers belonging to my father, when I first came into possession of my fortune, burning the useless, and carefully laying by the important ones, when I found two copies of letters, written at different and distant dates, to a friend in Madeira. In the second, much anxiety seemed expressed concerning a small box of papers left there, and which my father said, in his last letter, he particularly wished his son to have in his possession. The last letter was written only a few days before his

his death: no answer had been received to that written just before he left India, and none has arrived here. I have written myself concerning the business, but can obtain no reply relative to these papers, and I am now resolved to go myself and see after them."

"You will not be gone long, I hope?" said Mr. Mordaunt.

"No, indeed, I wish only that the ship which conveys me thither and back, had the wings of the tropic bird; in the room of sails, that the wishing cap of *Fortunatus* might enable me to transact my business, when I arrive at Madeira, in one moment; then, dear England, you and I will meet to part no more! at least not till I am doomed to do penance in a sober owl, or a grinning monkey."—

"Fie, fie! no more of such nonsense; it is, however, I know, in vain to reason with you against this absurd opinion. Pray, to change the subject, let me ask
you,

you, did your father keep copies of all the letters he wrote?"

"Invariably; and, though it certainly adds to the enormous bulk of one's papers, I think it an excellent method."

"Most excellent!" said Mr. Mordaunt; "I keep copies of all the speeches which I make in the House of Commons: I have my maiden speech now by me, made twenty years ago."

"Copies?" interrogated Henry, "you mean, I suppose, that you penned them down, from memory, after you had spoken them?"——

——"O no, before."

"How could that be?" said Henry; "how could you know what arguments there might be, *pro* and *con*? how could you answer objections you had never heard? I thought our Senators not only spoke from justice, conscience, and spontaneous feeling, but that they were also open to conviction?"

"Oh!

“Oh! you are quite mistaken;” said Mr. Mordaunt, who, however, fancying he had said rather too much, and had developed the oratorical secrets of St. Stephen’s Chapel, and was telling tales, even against himself out of school, again changed the subject.

“Pray,” said he, Mr. Denbigh, “what do you think of the repudiated Empress Josephine? I was told that you warmly defended her cause in a party the other day at the Thatched House Tavern: is it true?”

“I there observed,” replied Denbigh, “what I will ever maintain, that, notwithstanding her many and great errors, Josephine was worthy a better fate than that she has lately experienced. She was ever kind, compassionate, and charitable. When the wife of the Viscount Beauharnois, I never heard that slander had ever attacked her then unsullied reputation, either as a wife or a mother. And, let it be

be remembered, that when she accepted the protection of monsters in human shape, that the seizing her fortune and consequent famine, or the guillotine, threatened her by turns."

"But her conduct has certainly been very reprehensible, as a wife," said Mr. Mordaunt.

"That I do not deny," said Henry, "yet her lot is to be pitied, as much as many of her faulty actions are to be condemned. This I must ever say of her, because I have it from the very best authority, that before her repudiation, she certainly prevented many an unfortunate person from suffering causeless punishment; though, at the same time, she never intruded her opinion on political matters or affairs of state; she had no *masculine* crimes—all her faults and frailties were those of woman, and these claim our lenity; for, Ah! how often do they originate in ourselves?"

"You

"You have an art," said Mr. Mordaunt, "of bringing one over to your opinion, whether one will or no."

"Yet that reasonable, that convincing doctrine of the metempsychosis, I can never make you subscribe to," said Henry, with a smile.

"O, no," said Mr. Mordaunt, "that is, really, too absurd, and it is an error in an intelligent mind, like your's, which I wish to see eradicated from it."

"Never, never!" said Henry, "and you cannot imagine what a source of amusement this belief imparts to my lively imagination; I would not part with it for the world. Now, I never see an honest, sensible looking terrier, belonging to a fat commissary, or a rich man holding a sinecure place, but I imagine the quadruped has been one of those silent profound thinkers, who see all and say nothing, or some poor fellow employed, when a man, in secret service; for,
poor

poor dog! his political secrecy is often put to the test; he sees continually purveyors, commissaries, all that part of the Staff belonging to the British, or any other army; and though he may now and then venture to give a little yap, when his honest ideas are sore put to the trial, and give a lear of concern at hearing the various subterfuges of the *Etat Major*, and of some composing it in their endeavours to gain as much money as possible from government; yet, witnessing all these events, the terrier never loses sight of his duty; he remains profoundly silent, and never gives the least appearance of being privy to transactions which a *dog* would *despise*."

"What transactions, my good Sir?"

"Why, I have been told, that there are mercenary men belonging to every army; mind, I speak not of England alone; I hope all *our* men in office are

so

so honest, that they would absolutely shudder at the bare thought of defrauding government, and would actually rather injure *themselves* !!!”

Mr. Mordaunt smiled.

“ But, I dare say, my good Sir,” resumed Denbigh, “ that you have heard of such things as wine, candles, &c. &c. being made use for the advantage of others, besides that of the troops or their sick in hospitals !”

“ Certainly ;” said Mr. Mordaunt, “ but a certain portion of wine may be allowed, (this I cannot assert to be the case) and as it is certainly sometimes very improper for some sick, according to the nature of their disorder, to drink a drop of wine, it is but fair, I think, that the hospital surgeon may have the overplus.—*The labourer is worthy of his hire.*”

“ Granted, my dear Sir, and perhaps,
also,

also, it may be very allowable to put an additional price upon beef, and make unnecessary consumption of spirits; I confess myself very ignorant in these matters; but I know I have seen enough to convince me, that those who are concerned in them, seem for the most part eagerly endeavouring to fill their own nets with *leaves* and *golden* fishes."

"But the transmigrated animal, you say," remarked Mr. Mordaunt, "is *silent* on the occasion; and of that you make a merit, when the creature is dumb."

"O yes, to us;" said Henry, "but I am sure, also, he does not discover what he sees, even to his fellow brutes, for brutes have a language peculiar to themselves; they all understand each other, and there is a fineness in their organs which man, with all his boasted superiority, does not possess."

"Now

“ Now you are riding away on your whimsical hobby-horse,” said Mr. Mordaunt ; “ dinner must be near ready, and here come the ladies in happy time to compel you to dismount.”

CHAP. XII.

Discourse on Authorship.

THOUGH Mrs. Clarkson had now very high views for her daughter, she could not yet give up the ambitious hope of her being an authoress ; she, therefore, in her various enquiries after a governess, in the various applications made to her, from several genteel women to fill the situation, she particularly laid a stress on their teaching her to express herself, not only wisely, but elegantly in her writing.

She had no idea that the task of procuring

curing a governess, such as she wanted, would be attended with so much difficulty—some were too young, others were too ignorant, and those who were really accomplished, wanted an higher salary than she could possibly afford to give.

Some ladies will undertake to teach any thing, not only writing and inditing with wisdom and elegance, no matter whether the heads of their pupils are totally devoid of the former, and that it is impossible to beat into their minds one spark of the latter; they can teach every thing, and we shall not be at all surprised to find soon, teachers set up for the passions and inclinations!

In the mean time, Charlotte just touched on the completion of her sixteenth year; she increased in height, her form was admirable, her blooming countenance became more animated, and she promised to be one of the loveliest of womankind.

Young Dorimon, on the evening of his
mother's

mother's annual party, threw himself, instead of going to the opera, into the Walthamstow stage, flew to the school where his dear Charlotte was immured, enquired for Miss Clarkson, and was indulged the felicity of supping with the girl of his heart, in the company of her governess, to whom, the day before, Mrs. Clarkson had sent a brace of partridges.

Charlotte was most heartily tired of school ; an accident happened which called the governess from her parlour to the assistance of one of her pupils ; young Dorimon seized the opportunity of breathing softest vows of love in the ear of the *inconsiderate* girl, raved at the disappointment occasioned by his mother's neglect, and vowed to be her's, and her's alone. He was one of the handsomest young men in the world, he was well educated, and his manners insinuating ; Charlotte fancied herself deeply in love. Faint impulse of youthful imagination, how often

art thou mistaken for that pure and lasting flame, whose torch, lighted at the altar of esteem and virtuous reciprocity, burns unceasing through our transitory life!

Dorimon, on his departure, was unable to procure a post-chaise; he set off to walk; and splashing his fine silk stockings, with his opera hat in his hand, entered an inn, from whence a return chaise was expected to be ready to return to London in about half an hour; he rapidly quaffed about two bottles of wine, and then more intoxicated with love and vexation than the juice of the grape, threw himself in the post chaise, which sat him down in the Haymarket, and he arrived home in the manner described in the tenth chapter. It is time now to revert to Mrs. Clarkson, who was much disheartened at her ill success in obtaining a female preceptor for her daughter.

“Are you, my dear Martha,” said Captain Littlefame, one morning to her,
“are

I'LL CONSIDER OF IT.

“are you yet settled in your determination about procuring a governess for Charlotte; and taking her entirely from school? Indeed, I think, you might now take her home whether the governess is provided or no.”

“Why I do not know, my dear Sir,” said Mrs. Clarkson, “I am very much troubled to procure one; and if I take my girl home before I have engaged one, she will be running so wild, that I shall never have it in my power to bring her back to any degree of order; and I have now more than ever the wish to see her become an author, for the higher the writer is elevated, so much the more sure are they of success.”

“You are perfectly right, Martha,” said the Captain, “but if our dear little girl is to owe her success as a writer to her *elevation*, I fear she will be amongst those *subaltern* authors, whose genuine merit alone, should she possess any, will

procure her the mighty honour of a work she may chance to pen being read *once* through. For innumerable are the drawbacks and difficulties which the obscure author has to encounter; genius, now, is cramped in its first rising, true learning droops her head, and often expires on the lap of indigence. *Book-building* is now much more encouraged than native talent; and one who is enabled, by means of a few pounds, to erect these modern edifices of literature, with the addition of a few gaudy plates, receives the public favour and applause."

The Captain spoke true; for such a work, with perhaps not half the merit of *Thinks I to Myself*, certainly not a *tenth part* of its merit, because not original, goes through, *like* that *celebrated* work, six editions!!!

"I think," said Mrs. Clarkson, "historical romances are the finest works that ever were penned."

"I

"I think," said the Captain, "they are the vilest of all vile productions."

'Good Heavens! Sir, you astonish me," said Mrs. Clarkson; now I cannot help differing with you; young minds are naturally fond of the marvellous and romantic, and ancient history often combines these two powerful incentives to female study; by refining them a little, and introducing a fictitious tale or two, youth is insensibly led on to the study of history, and I shall endeavour, as much as possible, to make my Charlotte well acquainted with the most interesting parts of history, and then she shall compose an historical romance."

"Martha," said the Captain, with a smile rather bordering upon the sarcastic, "you speak like an oracle; yet you remind me of the saying of a gentleman of much erudition, and who promises to be a deserving candidate for literary fame, that '*Historical Romance writers are*

like those liars who sometimes speak the truth. He farther remarks, 'how *much stronger are the effects of impression, produced by romantic incidents, than by those which are really historical!*' therefore, the *union of fact and fiction* is the worst of all combinations to render a young reader a good historian."

"But would you have," said Mrs. Clarkson, "a young woman sit down and pen a dry history?"

"I would not wish a young woman, or any woman," said the Captain, "to sit down and write at all; especially such a girl as Charlotte—shocking! to see a playful, volatile, young creature, dulling her bright eyes over a ream of paper, till her cheek becomes of the same chalky hue; and I wonder how she could commence historiographer, or even give an account of her journey in the stage-coach from Walthamstow to London; and yet, perhaps, she might mingle her travelling

travelling incidents just as well as many of our modern authors ; for, I recollect a book of travels I got from the library a few weeks ago, wherein I promised myself I should find much amusement and information ; but the author of this work, or rather the compiler, seems, like his sisters, particularly desirous of *shewing*, in a book of *travels*, his *historical* knowledge ; many pages of this work are filled with *extracts* from Voltaire's History of Charles XII. king of Sweden—then he gives us the assassination of Gustavus, literally copied from the public journals ; all this serves delightfully to fill up ; but when I read a book of travels, I seek only the manners, customs, *etc.* of a country, with its curiosities, both natural and artificial, its monuments and amusements : and no more history than is requisite to shew who were its first conquerors, and how its present government was established ; and these incidents should be as

slightly touched on as possible, else the writer is no longer an author, he is only a compiler."

"Dear Sir," said Mrs. Clarkson, "there is *nothing new, they say, under the sun*; all our knowledge, first and last, comes from A. B. C.; and, surely you must allow, that he who takes his story from days of old, and puts it into fine and elegant language, has wonderful merit."

"I never," said Littlefame, "will allow him the merit of an author no more than I will him, who puts, by translation, the beauties of Arabic verse into a language *I* understand; he, indeed, as a learned man, and a translator, ranks the highest in my estimation, the other is no better than a plagiarist, who, having no brains of his own, ransacks those of the dead."

"The worst name, I think," said Mrs. Clarkson,

Clarkson, "you call him, Sir, is a transposer ; plagiarist is too strong a term."

"By no means," said the Captain, "and, I do assure you, I am so sick of the poetical effusions of some of our modern bards, that I should be truly mortified if I found your dear girl had any genius for poetry, for fear you should directly be about publishing her youthful essays by subscription !"

Mrs. Clarkson finding it in vain to endeavour to make her father of her opinion, in regard of authorship, and finding him silent, affected to read—the book before her, to which now she paid not the least attention, was a commentary on the works of the immortal Shakespeare.

"Now, there is a book," said her father, "which I cannot endure ; how can any one pretend to comment on Shakespeare, that favourite child of nature, who breathed her language, in all its simplicity, though at the same time he embellish-

ed it with the beauty of his charming and elegant ideas : yet the transparent covering still shews the charms of the goddess. Those comments, and pretended elucidations, only serve to lead the reader astray ; and the man, who perhaps has never quitted the two Universities, or even the smoky walls of a London dwelling, will affect to explain passages which he called *obscure* in Shakespeare, and thereby do away all their original beauty ; a common villager of Warwickshire or Staffordshire will easily comprehend the language of Shakespeare ; for Shakespeare, in some words, is very provincial ; notwithstanding, I look upon him to be an excellent scholar, and one of the best historians of the age he lived in."

" You, my dear Sir," said Mrs. Clarkson, " are a formidable critic ; I should be sorry to see my daughter's works, should she ever pen any, subject to the capricious taste of other critics, who
might

CHAP. XIII.

Some serious Truths.

THE person who takes care to *consider* a little, before he acts, speaks, or writes, has certainly an opportunity of hearing a great deal ; because every one is willing to direct his discourse to him, on account of his being generally attentive and silent, and yet not quite so abstracted as one who may seem to *think* entirely to *himself*.

Fain would I, poor *considering* author, lay up, from what I hear, only an ample store for my own reflection and instruction ;

tion; fain would I pick out, and carefully adopt for my use, the good alone; ner will I pretend to say it is merely for the amusement of others that I send the offspring of my brain into the world; no, rather to relieve a want which I find I am by no means singular in experiencing; for it is felt from the duchess to the laundress, from the prince to the mendicant; and that is, dear reader, the want of money!

“ Ah! hapless he, who writes for *bread*,”

Exclaims the rich reader, as he swings his left foot crossed over the right leg, till the yellow Morrocco slipper falls from it; he then d—ns my book, throws it on one side, and sips his tea or chocolate.

Take up the book again, dear Sir, I beg of you; I do not, I assure you, absolutely write for *bread*; though certainly what my work may procure me will help

help to pay my *baker's* bill—ay, and several other little small demands, perhaps; also; and, therefore, for the life of me, I cannot be guilty of so much falsehood as to say that I write solely for either the amusement or the instruction of you, or of the world at large.

The follies, singularities, and errors which come under my *consideration*, will mingle and confound themselves with those characters which may be great and excellent; therefore, when I pen these down, I am not sure that my book may be instructive to all minds. How many are there in the world who have the painful art of “making the worse appear the better cause.” Sophistry, though through the mouth of an ill character, may mislead the wisest, and even our ears and eyes are apt to encourage our evil propensities.

“There are so many ways of *making up a book*, which might be both moral, enter-

entertaining, and instructive," said Mrs. Clarkson to her father, in the course of the conversation recorded in the last chapter—"Too true, alas!" groaned Captain Littlefame at this *naïve* expression of his daughter, who knew not the bolt she had shot on the present mode of *book-making*: now, as I must be very careful of this error, for it will creep into works which are truly original, if the author does not mind well what he is about; I must take care and not bore the reader too much with one subject, especially since much abler pens than mine have depicted that atrocious destroyer of genius, *book-making*.

I often think, that the *sombre* colouring of a masculine work wants to be enlivened and relieved by feminine touches of vivacity and delicacy; it is a pity that literary pursuits should be debarr'd the truly sensible female, and that such, instead of being regarded by some learned

men with a degree of envy, should not be permitted to unite their talents, to render a work of miscellany and amusement pleasing to every taste; for too serious a work, however well written, will always be dry and uninteresting. Even the great and beautiful book of Creation would lose much of its brilliancy was it a smooth plain of continual verdure; and what some are apt to call its defects, only enhance its real beauty. The humblest weed is often replete with elegance when we come to examine it closely, and imparts to the mind of taste and observation the same reverence for its GREAT FORMER, as does the profound lilly, or blushing rose of the garden.

Many declare this to be the universal reign of learning in England; a *pretension* to learning is indeed exemplified, amongst all classes, and even the Grubstreet journals teem with flowery expressions.

A system of fashionable and enlarged education extends itself even to the daughters of our lowest shopkeepers. Miss learns to play a few tunes, to acquire a faulty pronunciation of the French language, to *scrub* colours upon white velvet, and call it painting; and, if she hears that ladies of fashion make their own shoes, she declares, also, that she can certainly dance much easier at the pernicious evening dancing-school, which she is allowed to frequent, in the light shoes of her own making, to fabricate which, the tools and materials have cost her father more than half a dozen pair of dancing shoes!

If she chance to be in the *humble* situation in life, that of being daughter to one of the lower order of tradesmen, the lesson of *humility* has never been taught her, at least it has been forgot till it is too late, and she openly laughs at the ignorance of her parents, and is shocked that they

they have so much of the *Old School* about them!

Thus accomplished, she is to obtain, if she can, the situation of educating young ladies of fashion!—Alas, the market of governesses, like that of *authors*, is now overstocked; and the high and mighty look for such a multiplicity of accomplishments in the *preferred foreigner*, that Miss, emerging from her father's shop, has little chance of obtaining what her anxious and illiterate parents educated her for; and, totally unskilled in housewifery, from her time having been entirely taken up with music, French, dancing, and *velvet painting*, the cheesemonger, the green-grocer, the shoemaker, and the tailor, among her *papa's* acquaintance, know how to *flirt* as well as their betters——

“For clown as well can act the rake,

“As those in higher sphere.”

The

The young half accomplished lady is of course flirted with—but, for a wife, the cockney quiz exclaims, “It won’t do!” He must look out for a notable young woman, who, possessing a few hundreds, will be able to manage his house, make his shirts, and mend them: when his gay and accomplished mistress pleads, or perhaps upbraids him with not fulfilling some vague promises he has before made her of marriage, the only faint hope which he holds out to her, consists in his saying, with a great deal of cold apathy, *I’ll consider of it.*

“Oh, did parents but *consider* also, before they give their daughters an education so ill suited to their sphere in life, then the dangerous evil of celibacy would not prevail as it does at present; matrimony, we know too well, is a theme of modern scorn; and young men, of every class, are not ashamed audibly to declare, that

that there is much more pleasing variety in a single life than a married one.

But the education of females, with the exception of a very small number, is certainly at the present day carried on in an erroneous manner ; and ladies of high birth and fortune are, for the most part just as *half* instructed as their inferiors ; let a serious well-informed person enter an assembly composed of the higher orders of society, how is he amused ? the younger part sometimes entertain the company with music.—Observe, I am speaking of what are called snug *friendly* parties, not the magnificent gala, nor the crowded rout, where one is half suffocated ; not the day when the lady of the mansion issues out five hundred cards, to tell her acquaintance she is “ *at home* ;” and in which opinion I fervently agree with that of the author of *Thinks I to Myself* ; for a lady may indeed be said, on these occasions, to make use of an
Irishism,

Irishism, to be "never less at home than when at home."

Now, sometimes at these *friendly* parties, where a scanty sideboard supper is generally *scrambled* for by the polite and hungry guests, where the gentlemen get all they can, and leave the poor ladies to come off second best, we are sometimes entertained, as I said before, by the younger part of the females, with music, and a song; which, whether it is an Italian air, or a simple English or Scotch ballad, is sung, indiscriminately, in a *bravura* style, in a kind of theatrical manner, as they roll their eyes upwards and advance their chins, which practice, I suppose are meant as substitutes for pathos and musical enthusiasm!

But can it be wondered at, that the English, who are continually embracing new systems, and whose higher orders of people are very slaves to fashion, should adopt new plans of education? For the character

character of the English, with all the excellent qualities of this happy people, is contradictory and inconsistent; it is a compound of various virtues, and almost of as many vices; nor is this much to be wondered at, when we reflect with Daniel de Foe, that there is not now to be found a true born Englishman in the whole country. Wales would willingly claim an exemption from this assertion, and it may be in part allowed, as that rude and mountainous country was not so soon penetrated into, nor made a conquest of so often by so many different nations as that part of England which is separated from it. But, though we *now* seem to bid defiance to every hostile attempt at invasion, we have had various conquerors from the continent; and, even before the Romans invaded us, we may very naturally imagine, that the Phœnecians, who previously traded to our country might mingle some of their race with

with the aborigines of this island, in their frequent visits to it.

I often amuse myself in *considering* the countenances, and searching out the descent of my relations and friends, according to the different cast of their features, the colour of their hair and eyes, and the tinge of their complexion : I certainly find the Norman visage the most predominant ; and whoever has visited Normandy, must perceive the near approximation of the Norman face and figure to ours. These were our last conquerors ; and we may be naturally led to suppose, that the traces of former subjugators are beginning to wear out ; but, as

“ London is the needy villain’s general home,”

Still the influx of foreigners must stamp on us that versatility of feature, which renders us a motley race, and the feature extends itself to the mind. I had rather follow

follow the pleasant illusive idea, that I behold the descendants of our *first* conquerors, for they were men,

“Train’d unto arms, and valiant in the field.”

In the golden hair, which we call red, when I see it accompanied with fine and expressive features, I imagine the possessor is descended from the Phenecian merchants; and I remark, also, on a few, the countenances of our first conquerors, the ancient Romans; their dark eyes are full of intelligence and fire; their aquiline noses, small mouths, and short upper lips, mark the true Italian countenance; they are, generally speaking, when well educated, thoughtful, intelligent, and their ideas of virtue and honour are grand, but at the same time rather approaching to the Utopian system. The Saxon descendants are brave, honest, fair, and the women very beautiful, but
their

their mouths are rather large, and their foreheads broad. I trace the Danish progenitors of some of our islanders, by their yellow hair, and a certain sharpness of feature which seems to distinguish them from the Saxon; they are not the most safe friends, and are very apt to be given to extravagance and boasting.

Yet, in all this motley group, I do believe there may be one family in about five thousand that has preserved its descent pure and unmixed; and certainly I think this is proved by their nearer resemblance to the Welch than to any other people. Else, to whom can a class of beings, so unequivocal, so completely *unique* both in feature and character, belong? Round in form, round in face, and of peculiarly combined and oddly associated features, the word ENGLISH seems written upon them. Their complexion is at once beautifully white and ruddy; their hair generally black, or of a lovely,

but very singular, dark brown, with blue or grey eyes, the nose inclining to turn upwards, the mouth small, the lips full, and the teeth, if not always white, well set. This being, whether male or female, appears totally different from either Roman, Dane, Saxon, or even Norman; for, if the Norman is fair, he has blue eyes, if his hair is dark, his eyes are black; no, the few I have mentioned above, I must *consider* as really English.

Saturnity (the effect of our climate more than of disposition), prevails over a modest vivacity, which, mingled with their seriousness, renders them agreeable to the more lively people of this island. Blunt, stubborn, sententious, ever ready to perform a charitable action, but doing it with an ill grace; much readier to give a poor gentleman fifty pounds than invite him to one dinner; often withdrawing his countenance, if rich, to a poor relative, to whom his outward notice might
be

be of infinite advantage, but doing him good in secret; these are unpleasant traits even in an Englishman's virtue; and I believe we have lost nothing by our *former* mixtures; in beauty and amiability we have certainly gained, for the outward manners daily become more unbent and prepossessing amongst the middling classes, which generally form the bulk of a country; and the forms and faces of the native English, delightfully mingled, or finely shaded off—and softened with those of their European conquerors, have long rendered them estimated as forming the standard of beauty and grace.

CHAP.
2



CHAP. XIV.

A School Girl's Love.

AN idea will very naturally suggest itself to the reader, that after Charlotte's governess had received a letter from the *injured mother*, as she styled herself, Lady Dorimon, forbidding her pupil being visible to a young gentleman of that name, that the governess should yet be so imprudent as to permit Mr. Dorimon to sup with Miss Clarkson, though in her

CHAP. 2 H presence;

presence; the truth was, when she returned from a whist party, she had no idea of finding Mr. Dorimon in the parlour with Charlotte Clarkson; to whom he very easily gained access by boldly enquiring after her, and saying he had come with a message from her grandfather, who was then at Sir Philip Dorimon's.

The thousand apologies he had invented from his mother, and by whose desire he said he had waited on Miss Clarkson to deliver them verbally, his own charming person, and insinuating manners, easily made the good lady believe all he said, and she made no doubt but that it was only some vulgar woman, who, for some jealous motives, had endeavoured to keep him from the sight of Charlotte, and had written her that anonymous letter instead of the mother of Mr. Dorimon; how, indeed, she asked herself, could such an ignorant low woman, as that let-

ter evinced its writer to be, be the mother of such an elegant young man as he who now stood before her? she had seen this same young man in the company of the mother and grandfather of her pupil, with whom he always appeared on the most friendly and intimate terms; he now came with an abundance of the most polite and affectionate apologies from Lady Dorimon to Miss Clarkson, and regrets, most energetically expressed, for the neglect of his mother's servants in not delivering the letter of invitation in time. But little did Lady Dorimon think where her only son now was.

The governess, especially as the evening was a very damp and uncomfortable one, thought she could do no less than invite the young gentleman to take an early supper; and he desired nothing better, not for the sake of that meal, but for her company who was present, and whom, at that moment, he fancied he loved

loved even better than that, his cherished idol, money.

How often, afterwards, was Mustapha saddled, and how often did his master bestride the noble animal, and ride by the grated garden—but it was all in vain! the shutters were put up, and in vain did the city lover throw stones against them: the young ladies played, and took the exercise of walking, in a field quite on the other side of a very extensive kitchen-garden, which was separated a long way from the road.

One day, however, after a fall of snow, which was cleared away from the gravel walks of the garden, but which would not so soon bare the field, the young ladies, after school hours, took their accustomed walk till dinner time; presently a prodigious bustle was heard in the road; the governess and teachers crowded to the railing, enquired the cause, and were informed that a gentleman had fallen
from

from his horse. Presently it came to the ears of Charlotte, and that the horse was a dun coloured Arabian, with a white main and tail. Charlotte turned pale, she reclined on the shoulder of the young girl with whom she was walking; but though she certainly did turn pale, she could not faint, however pretty she might have thought it, or however much she might wish to make such a display of her love and sensibility, for she had now learned, from the lips of her lover, to whom the beautiful Arabian belonged.

She was led into the parlour, and compelled to swallow some hartshorn and water; and, very soon after, the *much-hurt* gentleman was led in also; he had the finest colour in the world, but one arm hung, as if quite lifeless, by his side. Charlotte fell back on the sofa, tried all she could again to faint, but could not; while the gentleman forgot his dead arm, extended it with the other, rushed forwards, and exclaimed, "Oh! my lovely
Charlotte,

Charlotte, fear not; indeed I am not hurt?"

Charlotte had shut her eyes, and her kind governess was holding salts to her nose; her pupil jumped up, threw down the bottle of salts, and broke it all to pieces, and cried out, "Oh! Mr. Dorrison, I fear—I fear you are killed!" He now bethought himself of his arm, let it drop again, faintly saying, "O no, no, only my poor arm is, I fear——"

"O Heavens, what?" said Charlotte, again sinking on the sofa, and again making an unsuccessful effort to faint.

However easy and credulous the governess might be, she could not but see through the palpable artifice of Mr. Dorrison. "Miss Clarkson, you are better now," said she, "therefore, I request you to go up stairs." "O no, no, Ma'am," said Charlotte, again shutting her eyes, "I am sure I shall faint before I get half way up stairs. I am not a bit better, indeed,

indeed, I am very, very bad!" The blush of modesty, however, fearing she had declared her love too plain, mantled over her cheek, as she opened her lovely and timid eyes, and beheld the exaltation which beamed in those of her lover; and feeling her face glow, she was conscious she must positively give up the fainting scheme, and accordingly arose, and left Mr. Dornimon alone with her governess.

"A lecture ensued; he was peremptorily forbidden the house, and the good lady assured him, that she should not only inform his father, and Lady Dornimon, but should immediately write to Mrs. Clarkson, if he still resolved to persist in those stratagems to see Miss Clarkson, while she was under her care, which she supposed would not now be very long; but, while she did remain with her, she never would suffer her to receive his visits."

The young man declared, that, what had

had happened that morning, was a mere accident, and that when his horse threw him, a man who was passing by, and who kindly assisted him, had overpersuaded him, he declared, to suffer him to lead him to a lady who was renowned for her humanity. The reader may give what credit he pleases to the truth of this tale; certain it is, that this humane lady did not believe one word of it, nor was in the least moved to compassion by his flattery; nay, she had even the inhumanity to order him to leave the house directly; without giving the least attention to his disabled arm, with which he put on his hat as easily as could be, as he walked down the avenue before the house; and with as much ease as he had thrown himself off the back of the beautiful Mustapha, so he now, without any kind of fear, threw a leg over each side of him, and proceeded on, full gallop, to London, cursing

cursing his unlucky stars, and the ill success of his stratagems.

Charlotte thought it behoved her, as a love-sick heroine, to be very sad on the occasion, though she sometimes felt such an inclination to laugh, at any little laughable incident which might chance to occur, that she has really, on such an occasion, been obliged to run upstairs to her own chamber, and there have her laugh out.

At other times, she has been as hungry as a little hunter : but has given a deep sigh, and requested her governess to help her, at dinner, to a very small quantity ; and, though she would often been delighted to have joined in the sports of her companions, she has affected to muse in solitude alone, take no care of her pretty garden, except to gather a spring flower, place it in her bosom, sigh, and moralize over it.

At length the remembrance of Mr.
Dorimon

Dorimon wore away by degrees ; she thought herself very silly to debar herself of those pleasures which were formerly so dear to her. She began clearing her garden of its weeds, she laughed, chatted, joined her young companions in their girlish recreations, became as happy as ever, and when the image of young Dorimon swam before her youthful fancy, it brought with it only gay and pleasing ideas ; all her charming and native vivacity returned ; for the drooping love-sick damsel was so foreign to her character, that she had played her tragic part extremely ill, and was delighted to throw it entirely off, being much more formed for an Euphrosyne than a Melpomene.

In the mean time, Henry Denbigh set sail, during a most boisterous and unpropitious season, for Madeira ; he had taken of Valencia Mordaunt a tender leave, and his warm fancy and imagination made him believe that he beheld much regret

regret depicted on the intelligent countenance of the handsome Valencia at his departure; deluded by his vanity, and prompted by his tenderness and good nature, he made some momentary protestations of eternal love, as coldly received as they were heartlessly given. Valencia, after his departure, however, found herself in that listless state, which to an animated being like herself, was the most deplorable, and the least to be endured; she had neither lover nor friend; and one or other was absolutely requisite to fill up, if not the void in her heart, at least the moments of that existence, where fancy and an ardent and impassioned disposition are often mistaken for warmth of genuine feeling and sentiment.

She requested the loan of her aunt, Lady Amelia Mordaunt's carriage; and taking with her an handsome present to put her *ex-tenant* governess in good humour, she drove to the school at Wal-

thamstow, implored, her to give the girl an holiday, and allow her to dine, with her, and have the company of her dear friend, Charlotte Clarkson, the whole day.

Charlotte confided to her friend all her recent love adventure; Valencia, owned she thought it a pity, that so sweet a girl should fix her affections on one who was quite a cit; her father, she said, did not yet know him; but as Mr. Dorimon was so rich, he might, in time, obtain a seat in parliament; and then papa would be acquainted with him, of course. Valencia then told Charlotte, that she had also a lover; a Mr. Denbigh, from India.

"Mr. Denbigh!" said Charlotte, "and did you say from India?"

"Yes, my dear," replied Valencia, "and why do you seem so agitated about that? I assure you, if he has been paying his court to you, before he saw me, you are extremely welcome to him again; for,

for, though I know papa would give his eyes, almost, if I would consent to marry this Denbigh, he may be assured he may keep his peepers and his daughter too; for I never will have him; I do not like him, except to flirt with; and to be thought the wife of his choice delights me; because all the young Lady Annes, the Isabellas, the Carolines, and all the Misses of my acquaintance, are dying for him: no matter, he does not suite my taste; though he is now so universally the fashion."

"I have heard of the Denbigh's," said Charlotte, "and that they are very proud and haughty."

"Oh! but Henry Denbigh, my dying swain," said Valencia, "is quite the contrary; the sweetest temper, and if he had not such dark eyes, and such a brown skin, would be the handsomest fellow in the universe; he is extremely well educated, possesses many accomplishments, and,

and, I was going to add that he was naturally very sensible; but how can that be, when he thinks, ay, and firmly believes, that we shall all be turned into cats, mice, rats, frogs, flying fish, and Heaven knows what besides !”

“ Either you are jesting, or the man’s mad,” said Charlotte.

“ Neither; I positively assure you,” said Valencia, “ he believes all the absurdity I have just told you; but let him believe what he will, he reckons, I can assure him, without his host, if any part of his creed will ever tell him that Valencia Mordaunt will be his wife.”

It would fill a volume to relate all the conversation between these young friends; what they severally uttered was trifling; but it abounded with that affectionate innocence, which adorns, in snowy purity, the morning of our lives. Charlotte passed the happiest day she had known since she had been deprived the sight of Mr. Dorimon,

Dorimon, and parted from her friend, in the pleasing hope of soon quitting school, and being thereby rendered capable of more frequently enjoying her society.

CHAP. XV.

The Governess.

WHEN the literary drudge toils on, without stopping; I can always detect a *laboured line*; no one, therefore, should write, except on those days when he finds himself in a vein for writing; for a temporary cessation of genius will happen, at times, to our very first authors. The very name of an author, absolutely terrified me, when first I began my literary career; for he is a being, seldom respected, often shunned, and if he is at all satiric,

ric, he is generally hated. Booksellers and reviewers look upon most writers as a kind of swarming vermin, which ought to be kept under.

However, the kind and candid part of the public, form, to use a military phrase, a very large division; and I find myself now near the conclusion of my first volume; and, though certainly much depends on the first ~~outset~~ of a work, yet if the commencement of mine should fail to interest, I do not stand alone; and I hope my kind readers will have a little patience before they condemn me, for perhaps as I go on I shall do better.

Mrs. Clarkson, at length, after much difficulty, had procured a governess of about forty years of age, for her daughter; she was the widow of an officer, who was the second husband she had buried; her present name was Cameron, that of her first husband Mackenzie; so that when Mrs. Cameron mounted her high horse,

horse, which was very frequently, she always called herself Mrs. Mackenzie Cameron. She undertook to teach Charlotte every accomplishment, except that of conversation; for Mrs. Cameron was remarkably silent and sententious, and took a long time to *consider of it* before she gave a final answer to any thing.

She could fawn where it was necessary to her own interest, but her civility was all forced; and it was easy to see, when she behaved to any one with a degree of respect, that she was doing violence to her pride.

There was a something in her physiognomy rather repellant, for there was a terror and alarm in her watchful eye, which seemed to say she had been guilty of some act of which she was ashamed.

She affected fashion in her dress, and posed the high born lady in her carriage and behaviour; yet her appearance was mean, and quite devoid of gentility.

She

She gave herself out as a gentlewoman very much reduced in the world, little thinking of ever having occasion to go out as a governess; but Mrs. Cameron was rather *elevated* by being the governess of the amiable Charlotte Clarkson than *reduced*:

Captain Littlefame was not at home when Mrs. Clarkson engaged the governess; she was to come the following month, which was the time destined for Charlotte Clarkson's leaving school.

Do not suffer yourself, dear reader, to imagine, from the commencement of this chapter, that I am now endeavouring to spin out my volume, by dragging in Miss Clarkson's governess head and shoulders, by way of filling up; no, I can assure you, as I know you would insist on some sort of an history, that I have introduced ~~some~~ any characters but what are really essential to that history. Mrs. Cameron, the said governess, was not an uneducated

ed woman; quite the contrary; but she was by no means calculated for the situation she now undertook to fill—but was she singular in that respect? Oh! how many are there, as well as Mrs. Cameron, who undertake the education of our youth, of both sexes, without the requisite abilities

When Mrs. Cameron sought the situation of a governess in Captain Littlefame's family, she was also employed in another search, that of a third husband; she fancied, by the ease in which the Captain and his daughter seemed to live, that he must have some property besides his military pay. She had imbibed an erroneous opinion, that he had been a long time in *India*, instead of *America*; and she knew, by experience, that an officer can, if he is careful and *submissive* in that country, make some pretty little perquisites, although he may not be able to realize a large fortune; she knew very well,

well, too, that the Littlefames had a very rich East India relation; and this, at all events, could be made something of.

Though Mrs. Cameron was a very plain woman, she was very vain of her personal attractions; she, therefore, took a pride in what some modest women would rather blush at; but they are certainly very silly; because, surely, in a *lawful* way, a lady may take as many husbands as she pleases, and if they *will* die, how can the poor woman help it? it is very hard if she must be compelled to live alone on those occasions, and, worst of all, not try to better her fortune; because marriage is seldom thought much of by these marrying ladies, except as it may bring with it an amelioration of circumstances; and Mrs. Cameron had always an eye to the property of the man, before she condescended to look with that eye on his person—but of all things in the world, she thought it certainly proved the
power

power of her charms to be the widow of more than one husband, and really made a boast of it; and yet I have known some wives who were patterns of conjugal love, who would have shuddered at the bare idea of wedding again, if so wretched as to be left widows, especially if interest alone had made them a second time pledge their faith and love at the altar, to a man, perhaps, whom they detested, and whose riches alone they married; I declare I have heard some of these ladies, but very, very few, say, that they looked upon such second marriages as a legal prostitution !!!—Do you not think, reader, they are extremely silly?

“Yes, indeed, I think they were,” says the self-interested widow, who, reclined on her Ottomane, has perhaps stumbled on this passage, after skipping above forty or fifty pages of the work before her; while the wife, who is what is called a woman of spirit, whose husband,

according to her account, has as many heinous faults as there are days, nay hours in the year, while she, dear suffering angel, has not one—she exclaims, as she throws down my book, “prosing fool!”

And least I *should* be thought prosing and prolix, for I am very apt to let my thoughts and opinions run away with me, before I consider of it, that they have nothing at all to do with my history, and as Mrs. Cameron is rather an important person in this history, I must, positively, return to her, though certainly she is not the most agreeable subject in the world.

I said before, that she took a pride in having buried two husbands! and she would have had no objection to be the rich widow of seven; as to Captain Littlefame's age and mutilations, she looked upon them as so many marks in her favour; the first would shew the irresistible power of her charms, in thawing the frozen bosom

bosom of so old a man ; and united with the infirmities and shocks his hard services must have given to a *most excellent constitution*, (this latter reflection would sometimes *disagreeably* intrude itself); but then how much he had suffered in the service he had gone through—what toils he had endured—he could not last long ! therefore, in contemplation of the sweet of becoming his wife, she trusted she should most indubitably very soon be placed on the list of independent widows.

She evinced her wisdom in her silence; though at the time she resolved on becoming so steady a disciple of the god Harpocrates, she did not know that there was nothing charmed Captain Littlefence more than a fine and sweet voice in woman; it went to his very heart ; and he took a pride in the dulcet tones of his grand-daughter ; nor was Mrs. Clarkson without this pleasing attraction.

Mrs. Cameron, on the contrary, had a

voice; coarse, and, as the French express it, *raide*; it was a very peculiar voice, also, not easily forgot, when once heard; she, therefore, wisely resolved to be as silent as possible; and, I am sure, she might very often make use of the expression of *Thinks I to myself*, for Heaven knows, she did *think* a great deal to herself; but no one in Captain Littlefame's family could be said to be the *better* for it!

But, by this silence, she imposed on many; and convinced them, not only of her wisdom, but of her high consequence.

Now, though Mrs. Cameron thus affected pride of birth, and family connexions, yet all her ambition, while she served herself essentially, was to bring down one high and mighty to an equality with the lower classes; and avenge the hard lot of herself, her relatives, and nearest kindred, by enriching herself and them at the

the expence of the credulous nobility and gentry.

We well know, that there certainly is no real difference amongst mankind, but as his superior virtue may give him greatness and pre-eminence; such was rewarded in the persons of our ancestors, and it was by valour, wisdom, or goodness, they received the reward of nobility: honours are hereditary, yet they are the reward of virtue; and the father, in the hour of death, reflects with pleasure, "the virtues of my father gave me what I now possess, the goodness of my monarch gave me that reward, not only to me, but to my posterity!" the good man dies content; and if his son, or his future race, degenerate, the ancient reward must yet remain; for every father wishes to leave an inheritance unimpaired to his offspring: honours were the gift of his monarch; and monarchs should endeavour, as much as possible, to represent the Deity, who,

though goodness meets with his peculiar favour, yet his first attribute is mercy, and he "maketh his sun to shine on the just and unjust."

The establishment of order, even in the most republican state, must be the cause of raising some to wealth and honours, while the lot of others is to toil in support of that state, and which, but for these different degrees of society, would be only that of anarchy and misrule. We know that riches are but a substitute for labour, and those who possess them not, and cannot pay for that labour, must toil themselves. Honest industry, however poor and lowly situated, is commendable—it is entitled to our praise, and ought not only to be praised but respected. It is the pretension only of high birth and gentility, which must ever be despicable in those of low degree; and, when they shew themselves emulous to rise above the situation in which they are placed, by hav-
ing

ing recourse to every low and blameworthy art to impose upon the world, they discover, when they are in possession of a little money, the tyranny of their nature and the despotism with which they would have acted, had they been born in a more elevated station ; aspiring at universal equality, and insolently attempting, in the pride of their well garnished purse, to tower over decayed nobility, or virtuous well-born merit, in distress.

Such was the real character of Mrs. Cameron, who, with a face of brass, and finding in Mrs. Clarkson the most credulous of beings, and that she was possessed of the most unsuspecting heart in the world, imposed upon her, by the inexplicable jargon of pedantic words, and a few learned phrases, coined by rote, with a long list of accomplishments, she declared herself capable of teaching, to engage her as a governess, to finish the education of a girl who really knew as much as herself,

self, and pretended, by her high birth and great and extensive connexions, to be enabled to make the young lady shine in the first circles—a young lady, whose native graces were far superior to any Mrs. Cameron could teach her.

She brought with her, as recommendations, letters from well known names in India ; and shewed several letters, written to her in the most familiar style, from several of the Scotch nobility ; and a ready tear down her iron cheek, or the spread handkerchief, which did just as well with Mrs. Clarkson, induced that good lady to engage her without any further reference.

Her owl-like and silent gravity, impressed Mrs. Clarkson with an high opinion of her superlative wisdom ; but had Captain Littlefame ever been able to draw her into conversation, he would very soon have found her out ; for he was not only a well informed and well educated

cated man, but he united to his learning a thorough knowledge of the world, which gave him more penetration than he often chose outwardly to confess.

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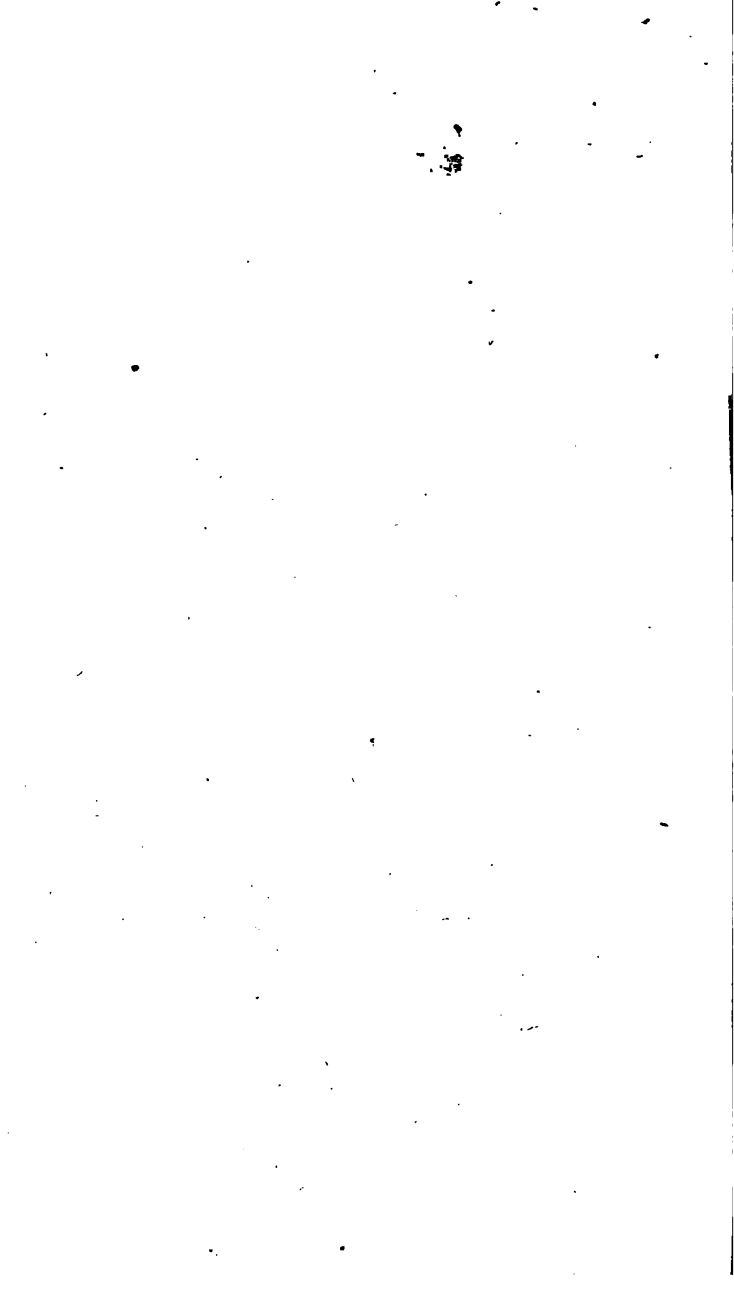
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